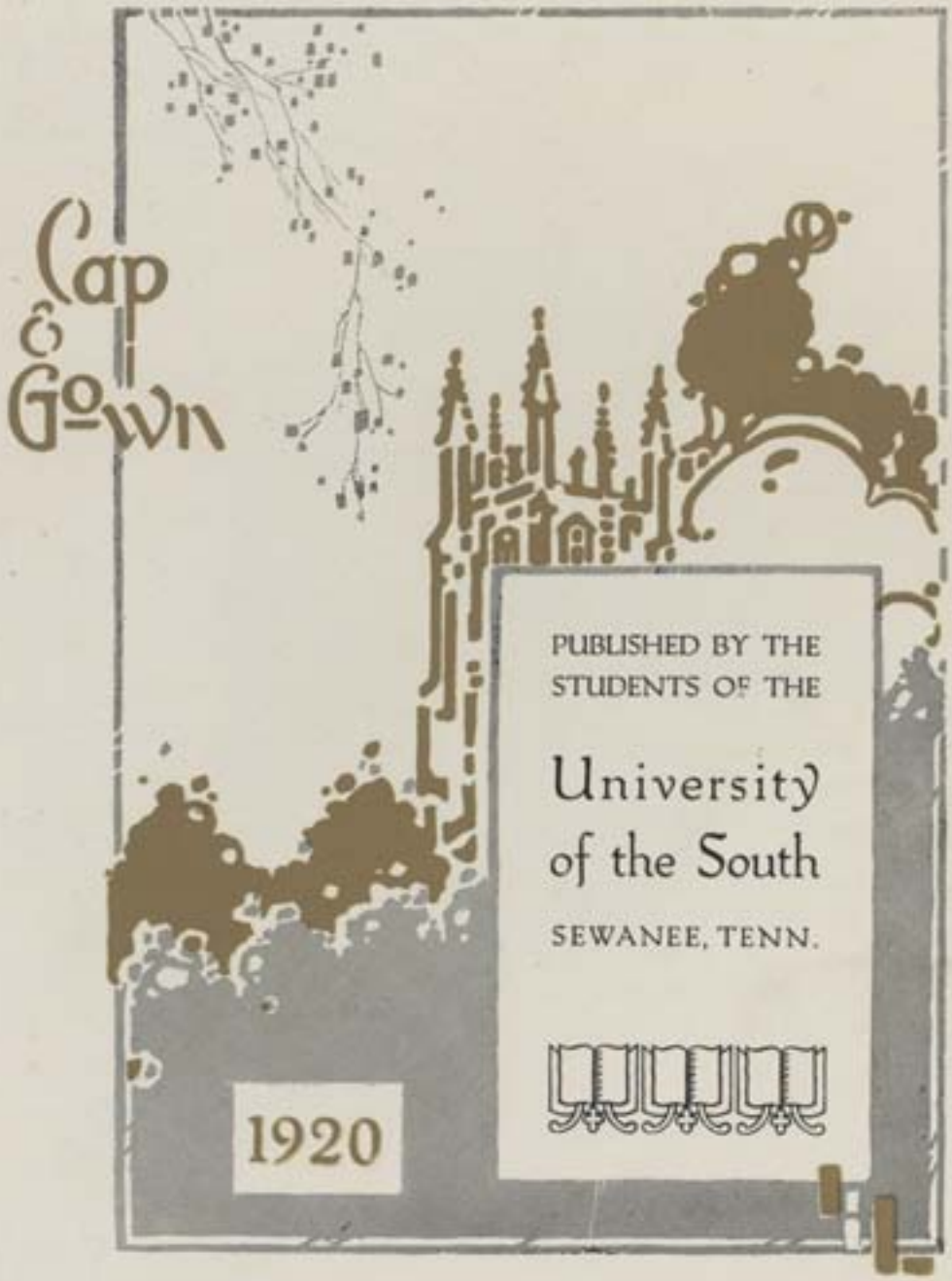
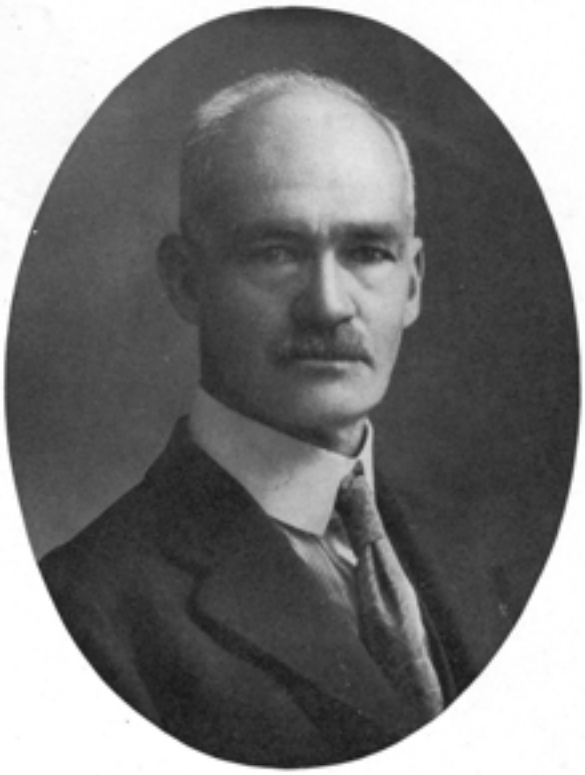


Cap and Gown


EX·LIBRIS
1921




Cap & Gown
PUBLISHED BY THE
STUDENTS OF THE
University
of the South
SEWANEE, TENN.
1920



WILLIAM HOWARD MCKELLAR, M.A.

DEDICATION

THERE are so many men who *have* devoted, and who *are* devoting, their lives to the interests of Sewanee that the problem of dedicating the Cap and Gown to the most worthy is almost insoluble. But certainly no mistake can be made in choosing a man who has triply deserved and won the affections of the student body by his unstinted effort, his open fairness in all dealings, and his loyalty to the University of the South. To Major McKellar, with deep respect and affectionate admiration, this book is inscribed.

Foreword

SEWANEE has emerged from the touchstone crisis of the great World War in a purer and more brightly shining splendor than even that which was hers before the call to arms rang out among the peaceful woodland ways of this mountain domain. She has not only survived the period of sacrifice and devotion in which she unhesitatingly sent forth to the red fields of war the sons who are the very blood of her veins, but she has already entered upon an epoch which forecasts new triumphs, the surmounting of more difficult heights, and the dawning of a prosperity which has always been her due. We of Sewanee today would be no true sons of our beloved Alma Mater did we not realize the responsibility and the privilege which is ours in carrying forward and keeping in the vanguard of honor the bright traditions of our predecessors. So we offer you this book in the hope that herein may be embodied the spark of that essential spirit and a glimmer of that undying radiance which was, is, and God helping shall be, Sewanee.



"Between the dawn and the daytime . . ."



"The mound that like a forest battlement . . ."



"Here all is beautiful! The rustling boughs
Have such a strange, full sound . . ."



"A light
Of laughing flowers along the path is spread."



"Like black, forbidding outposts of the slope . . ."



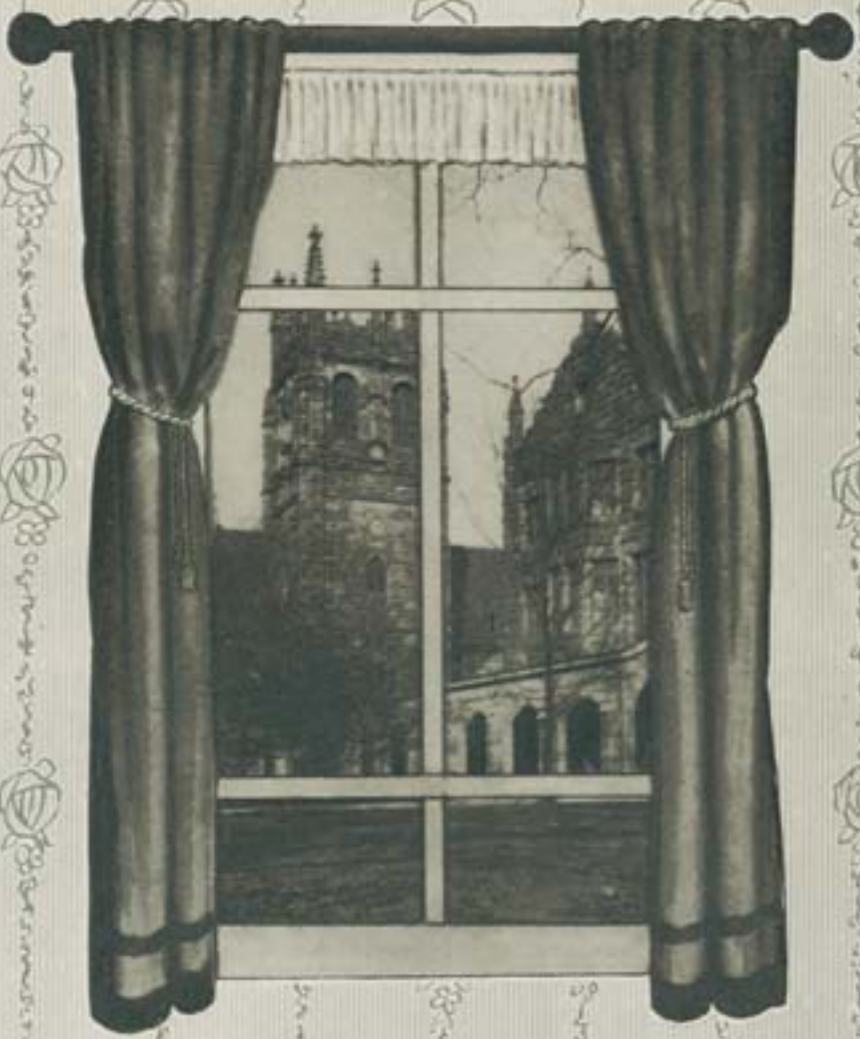
"This path, luxurious shrubs among . . ."



"The river dreaming on among the woods . . ."



"Ledges with frosted fringe of icicles . . ."



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MARION LESLIE GRIZZARD
JAMES EDGAR NASH
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Student Assistants in Chemistry

*During the session of 1919-20 engaged in research work in the Orient.

**Fall Term, 1919-20.

DOUGLAS BROWN HOBBS
Student Assistant in Biology

JOHN CHIPMAN, JR.
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ALBERT CHALMERS SNEED
Director of the University Press

LEON DAVIS KIRBY, B.A.
Manager of the University Supply Store

PAUL LOWE BURTON
Proctor

In Memoriam

Henry Markley Gass, Jr.

John Hunt Nicholson



WALTER HULLIHEN, PH.D.
DEAN OF COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES



REV. HENRY DISBROW PHILLIPS, B.D.
CHAPLAIN

The Things Which Are Not Seen

PROBABLY there has never been a *Cap and Gown* without an article about the Sewanee Spirit—and probably there never will be. An annual seeks to be representative, to be inclusive, and to shadow forth in a tangible form the distinctive features and merits of the institution which is putting it out. A Sewanee annual, therefore, *must* include some reference to the spiritual force which undoubtedly is at work behind the reputation, position, and character of this University. Many colleges boast an undeviating loyalty and a high enthusiasm among both undergraduates and alumni, and we hear them talk about the college "spirit." But the Sewanee Spirit is that and more—much more. Sewanee itself is different from any place in the world chiefly for that reason. It has an atmosphere of its own. It has a character which is peculiarly personal, distinguished not only by strength and fearlessness, but also by an insinuating charm which is at once irresistible and unforgettable. The spell of the place sinks into your soul and will not be effaced.

Critics of poetry have often spoken of lines which have an "indefinable magic"—a beauty altogether intangible and not to be explained. And just as the critics cannot define the "magic" in certain lines of verse, so no one is able to adequately express in words the essence of the Sewanee Spirit. The only certainty is that *something* exists, apart from the palpable assets in which other colleges stand equal or superior, which elevates the life of the student here and puts it on a higher plane than he could attain elsewhere. The tone of the University is unquestionably democratic, yet the institution has contrived to retain an elegance, a particularity in regard to matters of honor, a subtle quality of strength and courage which is keenly felt to be present behind the forbearance of finely delicate instincts, which is generally ascribed to the refinement of aristocracies of a by-gone day. Perhaps it is in a blending of two ideals that a spirit has been evolved such as partakes of the finer qualities of both.

Education is not wholly a matter of instruction, but is also accomplished through absorption of knowledge by the student, often subconsciously. In this fact lies part of the secret which imparts power and beauty to the thought, strength to the character, gentlemanliness to the manliness, and lofty emotion to the heart of the Sewanee man. However nebulous it may seem in discussion, an idealism which grips the imaginations and influences the lives of generation after generation of young college men must of necessity be a potent force worthy of respect and admiration. It must be deep-rooted in the heart to so endure. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." If these words of the scriptures be true, then Sewanee stands today as a beacon to those who seek the highest and best—as a guiding star which shall not grow dim, but shall shine on down the ages with a gathered and increasing radiance, to the undying honor of those who have built and worked and devoted heart and mind to her, and to the unending glory of God who looks down upon her and sees that her work is good, and smiles!

The Million Dollar Endowment

THE movement for the financial betterment of Sewanee, which began with the election of Bishop Knight as Vice-Chancellor and developed through the payment of the three hundred thousand dollars of debts in 1916, has now reached a point where it may be said that the future of the University of the South is definitely assured. Sewanee, with the passing of the years, will move upward from strength to strength.

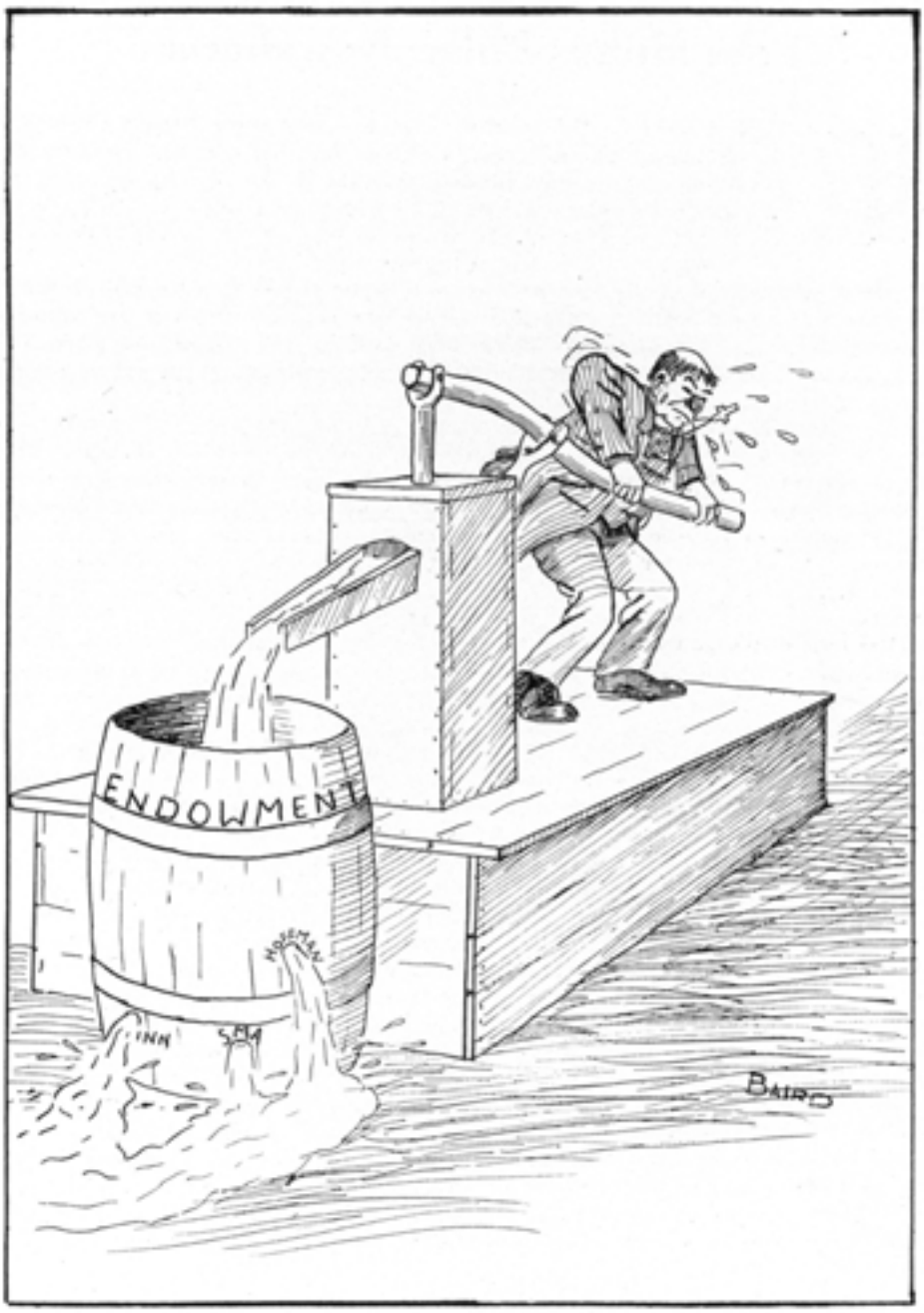
The organization of the Endowment drive was begun at a mass-meeting of prominent men from all over the South at Chattanooga in February, 1919, and put into action in the spring following, to be widened and intensified until all of the twenty-one dioceses of the Episcopal Church which own and control the University had been canvassed and each in its turn had yielded its quota of subscriptions to the fund.

Throughout the territory the method followed was the appointment of an influential and active man as Diocesan Chairman, who, in co-operation with the Bishop of that Diocese, organized local committees in the several parishes. Church suppers and get-together meetings were held, the actual work was divided among workers, and the returns as they came in were given to a Diocesan Treasurer, who in turn forwarded them to Sewanee. All of this work was directed from campaign headquarters in Chattanooga whence speakers and men experienced in such movements were sent out to aid the local chairmen.

The form of pledge used provided for three payments, one in sixty days, a second at one year, and the third at two years from date; but, notwithstanding this easy payment plan, so many of the payments have been made in full or in Liberty Bonds, that from the beginning of the arrival of the returns at Sewanee the books in the Treasurer's office have shown that whatever the total might be at any time, more than fifty per cent. of it had already been liquidated. By those who are competent to judge of such matters, this is considered a remarkable showing, indicative of the esteem in which Sewanee is held by its friends, as well as the extent of prosperity in the South.

The campaign has been of longer duration than was anticipated, largely because of the absorption of interest for several months by the nation-wide movement in the Episcopal Church, but there has never been a time when any idea of curtailing the effort short of the goal set up in the beginning was allowed to exist. If it appeared that conditions were not good for the drive in any one diocese, the forces were shifted to another, to be returned later when there had been a change, and so from a standpoint overlooking the whole field, there never was a time when all efforts had ceased in all localities.

In April, the half-way mark was passed, and all forces were concentrated for the final push. In those dioceses which had already responded more or less handsomely but had not passed their quotas, the alumni, the clergy, and the committees generally were asked to start out again with the particular object of reaching those who had not contributed but who should have, and in territory where, because of local conditions or for some other reason no campaign had been conducted, a complete setting-up was arranged and the movement put on foot. Thus, it is fairly certain that in a short time the entire million for permanent endowment will be a reality, and Sewanee, for the first time, will be on a secure financial basis.


ENDOWMENT
BAIRD

The Order of the Purple Ribbon

ON the day after Commencement in 1917 almost the entire population of the Mountain assembled at All Saints' Chapel to attend a service held for the departing Sewanee Ambulance Unit. At the conclusion of this service each member of the Unit went forward to the Chancel, where the Chaplain presented to him one of the worn prayer-books bearing marks of the hands of many students who had used it in the daily offices of the church which are the privilege of the Sewanee man. Then as the men bound overseas in the service of their fellow man passed out of the door for perhaps the last time, they were met by professors of the University, who pinned upon each one of them a tiny scrap of purple ribbon.

The little banner, the symbol of their decoration by the French Government, which now hangs in the Chapel, bears witness that they bore this ribbon bravely. They carried it on the Meuse, the Somme, the Aisne, and in the forests of Lorraine, and everywhere it was a badge of *service*.

Even as the train bearing the Unit away from Sewanee disappeared in the direction of Slope-Wall, there came into the minds of certain alumni present the idea of commemorating the occasion by annually conferring, in the name of the Associated Alumni, The Order of the Purple Ribbon upon one who had notably served the University, or upon a Sewanee man who had rendered notable service to his country.

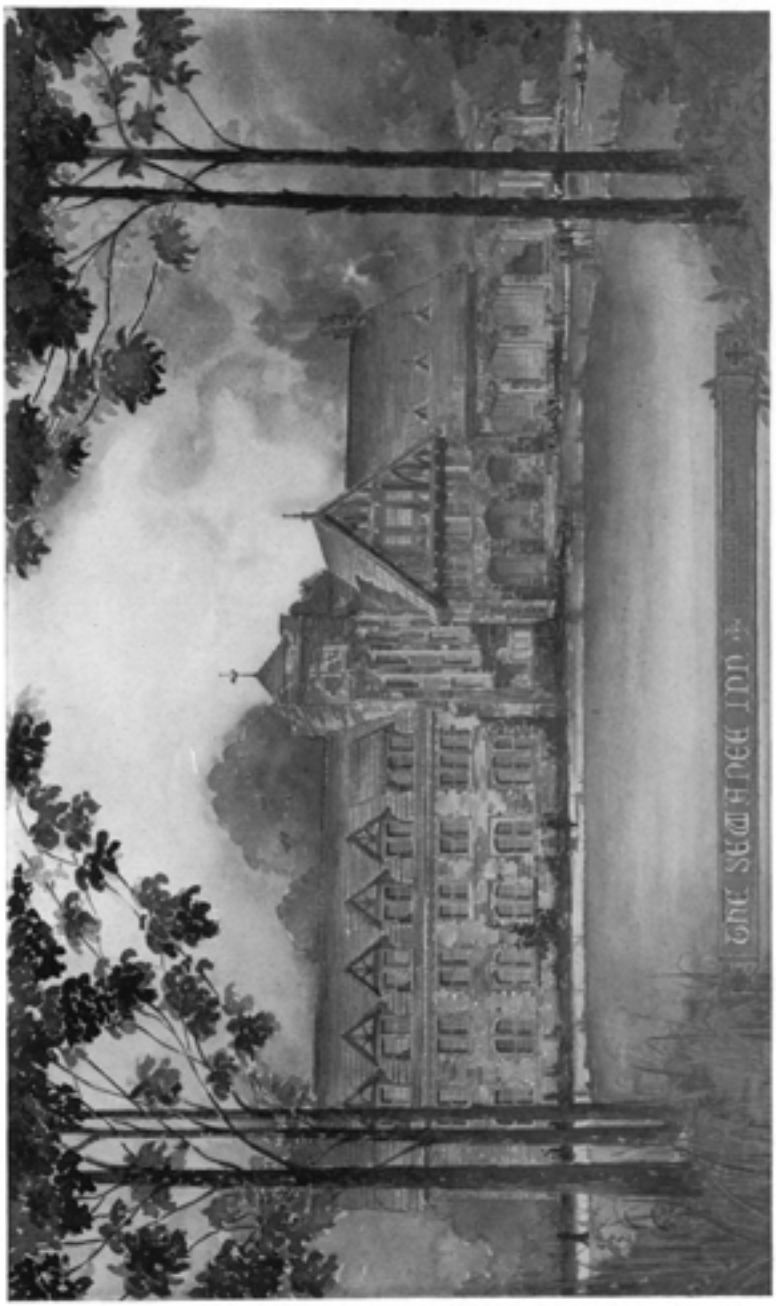
The ceremony of awarding the Purple Ribbon has been a feature of the meetings of the Association each year since that time. The selection is made by the Alumni Council and the presentation is at the hands of the Chancellor of the University. The awards have been as follows:

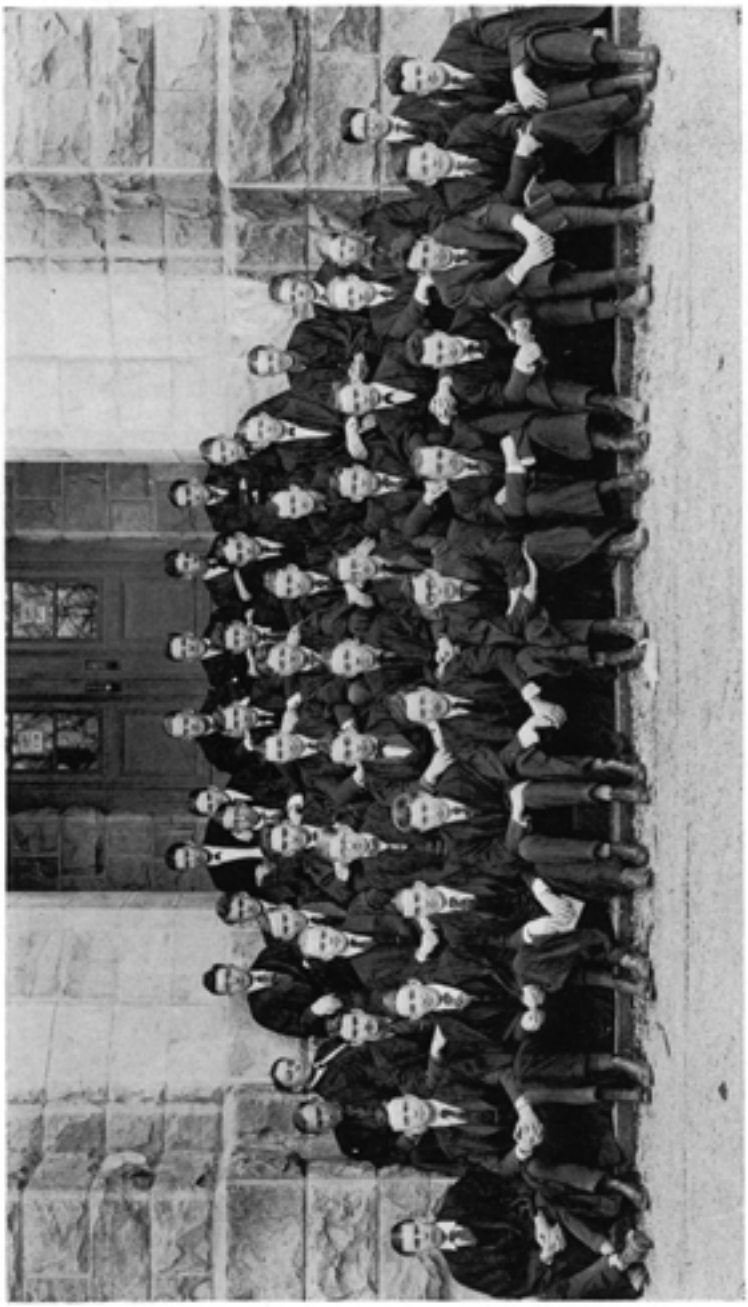
1917, Mr. James Lawrence Houghteling, Chicago, Ill.

1918, Rev. Cleveland Keith Benedict, D.D., Sewanee, Tenn.

1919, Major-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A.




THE STUDENTS' LOT



THE ORDER OF GOWNSMEN

The Order of Gownsmen

WHY is a Gownsman?

The most remarkable thing about the above question is the number and variety of people who have failed to answer it, and the effect of the failures upon the gown itself.

Deans have stumbled over it, Faculties have foozled it, Gownsmen have flunked it, and visiting young ladies have propounded it in vain. The effect of all these things has been that the "Oxford Cap and Gown" spoken of by the prophets—in other words, the Pioneers of 1869—has enjoyed a variegated and at times a precarious existence. There have been times in which it has been of about the same significance as the absurd little caps sometimes worn by Freshmen or the cane carried by the Sophomore. Under these circumstances it is not strange that it became very much like the Biblical grasshopper, and was eschewed by the very ones who should have esteemed it.

Now there is nothing more pathetic in its futility than a symbol which has lost its symbolism and become a mere relic. Under these conditions it was not strange that the erstwhile "Haughty Gownsman" disappeared and in his place came those who, if they were filled with the pride of learning, did not reveal it by their costume. There *were* gowns about, but the trouble was that they were more usually *about* than on. Which is to say, that Gownsmen wore gowns when they could not help it, and at other times left them lying around.

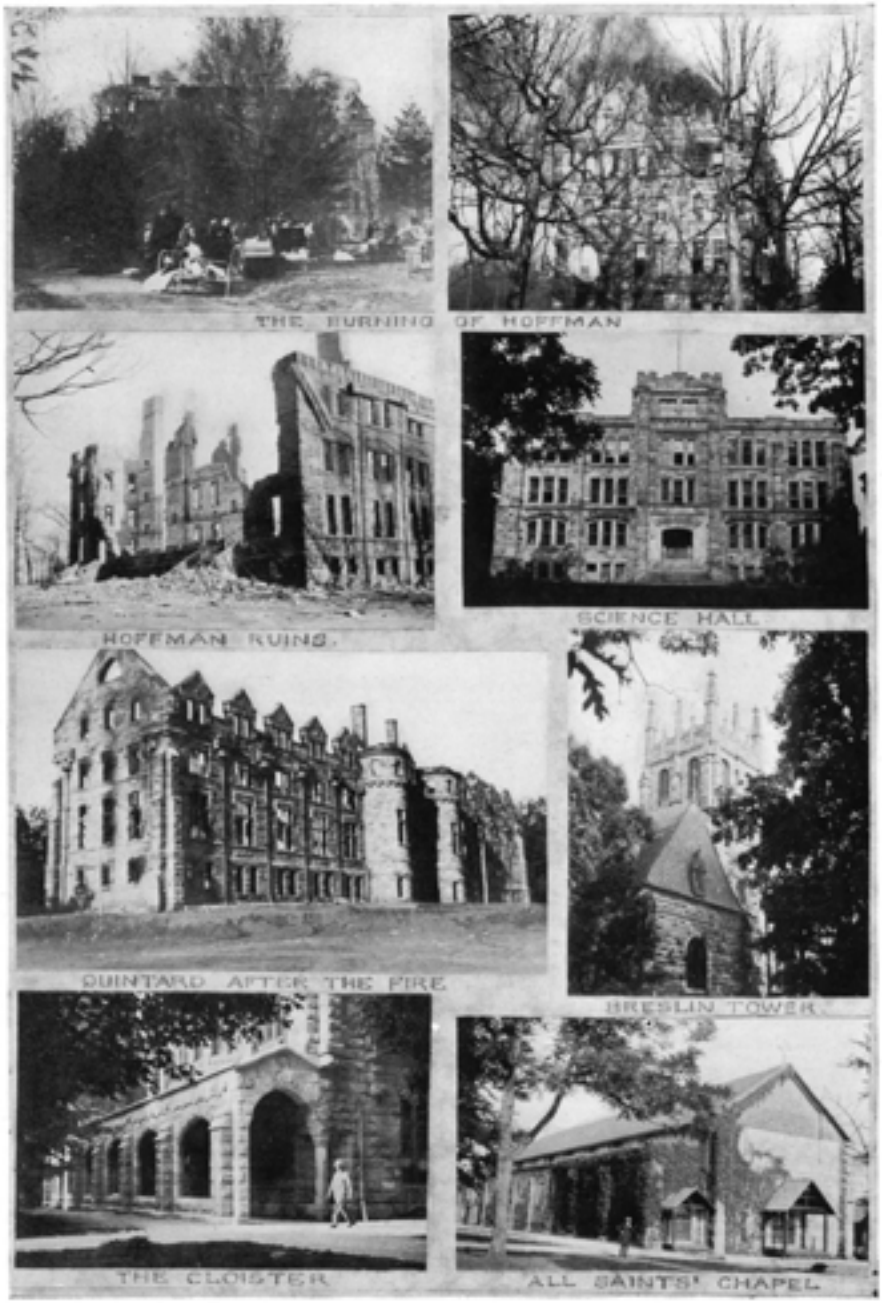
In these latter days, however, the gown has a definite significance again, and it may be well to recall its history and consider its primitive meaning.

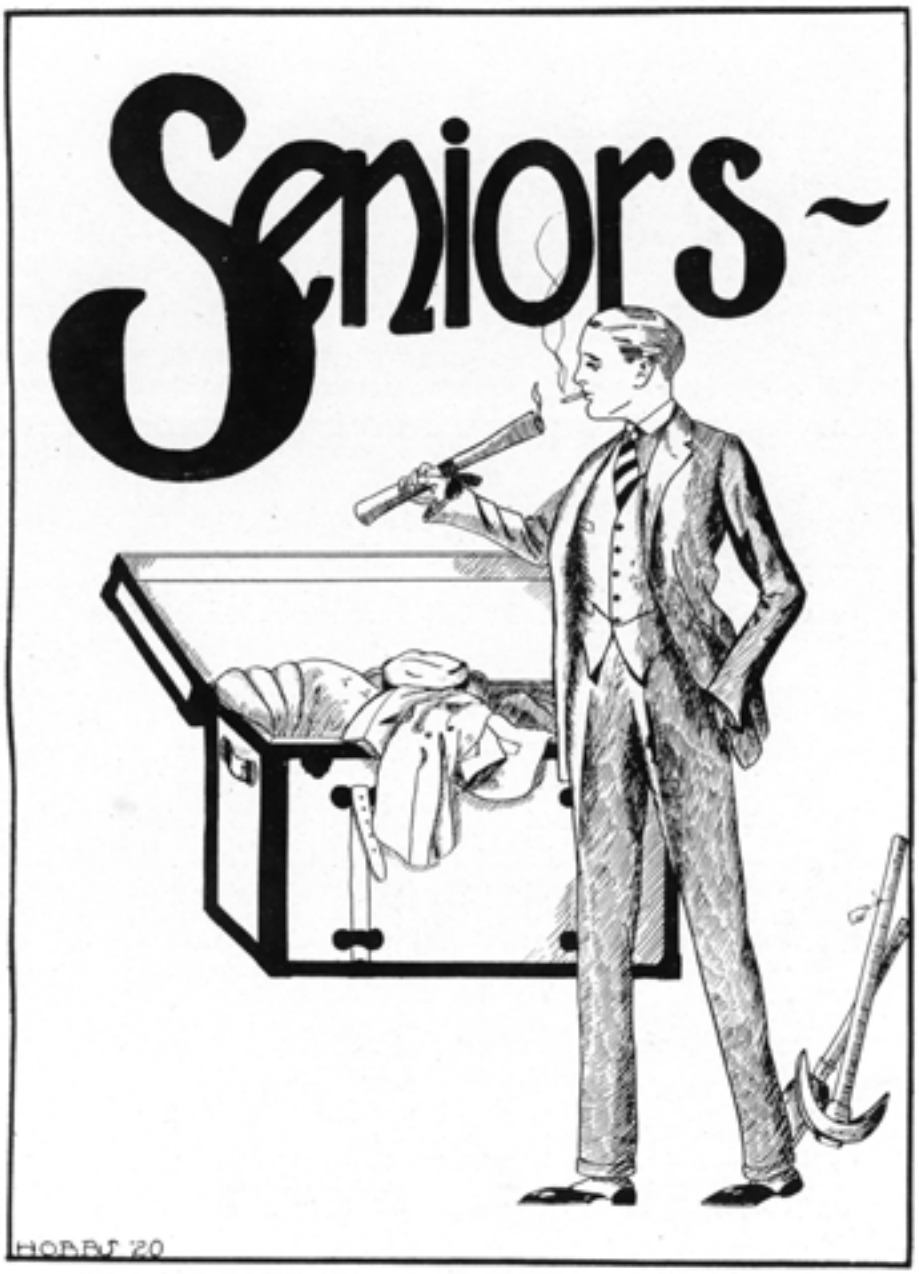
In 1869, the eighty-seven students on the Mountain were a miscellaneous lot from the standpoint of scholarship. There were a few studying for Orders, a larger number doing college work, and a still larger number engaged in preparatory studies. The next year found two hundred and thirty-eight students, of whom one hundred and fourteen were college students proper. Whereupon, a division was made and the University organized as distinct from the "Grammar School." There was still, however, more or less confusion, since, as there were no "X" classes, many University students had classes in the Grammar School. To distinguish the real University students from the hybrids and from the "Preps," on Tuesday, July 18, 1871, the following resolution was adopted by the Board of Trustees:

> "That Undergraduates of the University of the South be required to wear what is known as the 'Scholastic Cap and Gown'."

A year or two later, when the separation between the Grammar School had become distinct, only the maturer students were allowed to wear the garment of scholarship, the others being known as "Juniors" and "Grammar School Kids." It is noteworthy that the above resolution introduced into American Colleges the custom of wearing the Academic dress, and that the first Academic procession in which Gowns and Hoods were worn took place on this Mountain.

By the tradition established as above narrated, a Gownsman is a real University man of dignity and maturity who wears the gown as a distinction and as evidence of his fitness to take his part in the direction of the affairs of the student body. The University is to be congratulated therefore, that once more the gown has come into its own.


THE BURNING OF HOFFMAN
HOFFMAN RUINS.
SCIENCE HALL
QUINTARD AFTER THE FIRE
BRESLIN TOWER
THE CLOISTER
ALL SAINTS' CHAPEL


Seniors ~
HOBBS '20



Senior Class

HAROLD EDWARD BETTLE, Δ Τ Δ Memphis, Tenn.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

President Senior Class; Football, '16, '19; Honor Committee, '15, '16; Sewanee Ambulance Unit; Senior Thalian Club; Vice-President Sophomore Class, '16; Senior Ribbon Society.

CHARLES HAMMOND, Κ Δ Griffin, Ga.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

President Freshman Class; President Sophomore Class; Vice-President Senior Class; Football, '17; Captain Track Team, '18, '19; Neograph; Senior Thalian Club; Porter Cup, '19; Honor Committee; Senior Ribbon Society.

CHARLES LAUNCELOT MINOR, Δ Τ Δ Newport, Ark.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Sigma Epsilon; Neograph; Secretary to Alumni Secretary, '16-'20; Junior Thalian Club, Secretary-Treasurer, '18; Senior Thalian Club; Athletic Board of Control, '18, '19, '20; Sewanee Union Director, '18, '19, '20; Secretary Senior Class; President Order of Gownsmen, '20; Pan-Hellenic, '18, '19, '20; Senior Ribbon Society.



Senior Class

BAILEY BROWN SORY, JR., *K A* Cedar Hill, Tenn.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Chelidon; Pi Omega; Senior Thalian Club; Pan-Hellenic, '18, '19, '20.

JOHN CHIPMAN, JR., *A T A* Pascagoula, Miss.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Sigma Epsilon; Chelidon; Sopherim; Science Club; Circulation Manager Purple, '15; Assistant Proctor, '20; Assistant Mathematics, '20; Senior Thalian Club; Punch and Judy; Hill Scholarship.

DOUGLAS BROWN HOBBS, *Φ Γ Δ* Church Hill, Md.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Pi Omega, Secretary, '18, '19; Punch and Judy; Science Club; Senior Thalian Club; Business Staff Purple, '17, '18, '19, '20; Assistant in Biology; Cap and Gown Staff, '20; Pan-Hellenic, '20.



Senior Class

JAMES EDGAR NASH, *Φ Γ Δ* Wilmington, N. C.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Pi Omega, '16, '17; Board of Directors, Sewanee Union, '18, '19; Alternate, A. B. C., '18; Science Club, Vice-President, '18, President, '19, '20; Chelidon; Senior Thalian Club; Purple Staff, '18, '19, '20; Secretary Order of Gownsmen.

JAMES CONRAD CARTER, *Φ Γ Δ* St. Petersburg, Fla.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Pi Omega, Secretary, '19, '20; President Florida Club; Science Club, '18, '19, '20; Senior Thalian Club.

JAMES PRESTON BAILEY, *K Σ* Sewanee, Tenn.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Student Assistant in Chemistry, '19, '20; Sigma Epsilon; Science Club, Vice-President, '19, '20.



Senior Class

MARION LESLIE GRIZZARD, *Φ Γ Δ* Cowan, Tenn.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Pi Omega; Student Assistant in Chemistry, '18, '19, '20; Science Club.

HATELY JENNINGS QUINCEY, *Φ Δ Θ* Douglas, Ga.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Chelidon; Sigma Epsilon; Purple Staff, '17, '18, '19; Debating Team, '20; Track Team, '17.

HARRY EVERSON CLARK, *Σ A E* Chattanooga, Tenn.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Senior Ribbon Society; Football, '14, '15, '16, '19; Baseball, '15, '16, '17; Captain Basketball Team, '17; Vice-President Golf Board; Athletic Board of Control, '16, '17; Senior Thalian Club; Proctor, '19; President Pan-Hellenic, '19; Sewanee Ambulance Unit.



Senior Class

WILLIAM DE BRUYN KOPS, JR., *A T Ω* Charleston, S. C.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Sigma Epsilon; Purple Staff, '17, '18, '19, '20; Science Club, President, '18, '19; Senior Thalian Club; Chelidon; Assistant in Chemistry; Political Science Prize, '19.

ROBERT HOWARD PITNER, *A T Ω* Chattanooga, Tenn.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Pi Omega; Sewanee Union; Science Club; Assistant Manager Football, '18; Senior Ribbon Society.

ALFRED FARNELL BLAIR, *K A* Montgomery, Ala.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Sigma Epsilon; Senior Thalian Club; Science Club.



Senior Class

ROGER SHERMAN BINGHAM, *K Σ* Talladega, Ala.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Sigma Epsilon; Debate Council, '18, '19, '20; Purple Staff, '18, '19; Editor-in-Chief Purple, '20; Sophesian.

CABELL GREET, *Φ Γ Δ* El Paso, Texas

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Pi Omega.

WILLIAM LAFAYETTE PARKER, *Φ Γ Δ* Shelbyville, Tenn.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Pi Omega, Secretary, '17, Treasurer, '18, President, '19; Pan-Hellenic Council, '19.



Senior Class

DEAN BELDEN LYMAN, JR., *A T Ω* New Haven, Conn.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Editor-in-Chief Cap and Gown, '20; Treasurer Senior Thalian Club, '20; Knight Medal for Elocution, '15; Lee Medal for Oratory, '18; Florida Medal for Poetry, '18; Jemison Medal for Debate, '19; Neograph; Sopherim; Pi Omega.

CHARLES LEONIDAS WIDNEY, *A T Ω* Chickasha, Okla.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Sigma Epsilon, Secretary, '17, '18, President, '19; Debate against Vanderbilt, '18; Choir, '16, '17; Senior Thalian Club; Purple Staff, '18, Editor-in-Chief, '19; Chelidon; Associate Editor Cap and Gown, '18; Debate Council, Secretary, '20.

WILLIAM FREDERICK SCHNEIDER, *A T A* Louisville, Ky.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Pi Omega; Sopherim; Athletic Editor Purple, '17, '18; Shepherd Essay Medal, '18; Business Manager, Cap and Gown, '20; Senior Thalian Club; Choir Director; Glee Club Director.



Senior Class

JOHN GORMAN DEARBORN, *Δ Τ Ω* Birmingham, Ala.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Track Team, '19, Captain, '20; Manager Football Team, '19; Sigma Epsilon; Punch and Judy; Chelidon; Senior Thalian Club; Choir.

DAVID ELDRED HOLT, *Κ Σ* Montgomery, Ala.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Sigma Epsilon, Historian, '17, Vice-President, '19; Associate Editor Cap and Gown, '20; Chelidon; Sophrim.

OLIVER BEIRNE CHISOLM, *Δ Τ Ω* Charleston, S. C.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Senior Ribbon Society; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Thalian Club, '17, '19; President Senior Thalian Club, '19; Science Club.

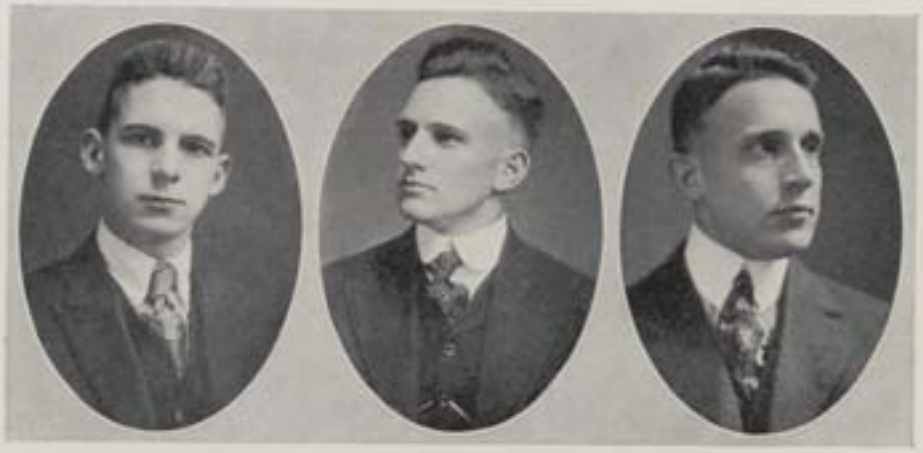


Senior Class

JOHN BERING SCHUMACHER, Σ A E Houston, Texas
Candidate for B.S. Degree

JOSEPH ROY HICKERSON, K Σ Winchester, Tenn.
Candidate for B.S. Degree
Sigma Epsilon

CLIFF ERNEST BAILEY, A T A Rhea, Tenn
Candidate for B.A. Degree



Senior Class

ROBERT CULBERTSON HAYDEN MATSON, Δ Τ Δ . Memphis, Tenn.

Candidate for B.S. Degree.

Senior Ribbon Society; Senior Thalian Club; Cheliden; Golf Board, '16; Basketball, '17; Football, '17; Business Manager Cap and Gown, '18; Senior Proctor, '18.

JAMES YOUNG PERRY, Σ Α Ε Greenville, S. C.

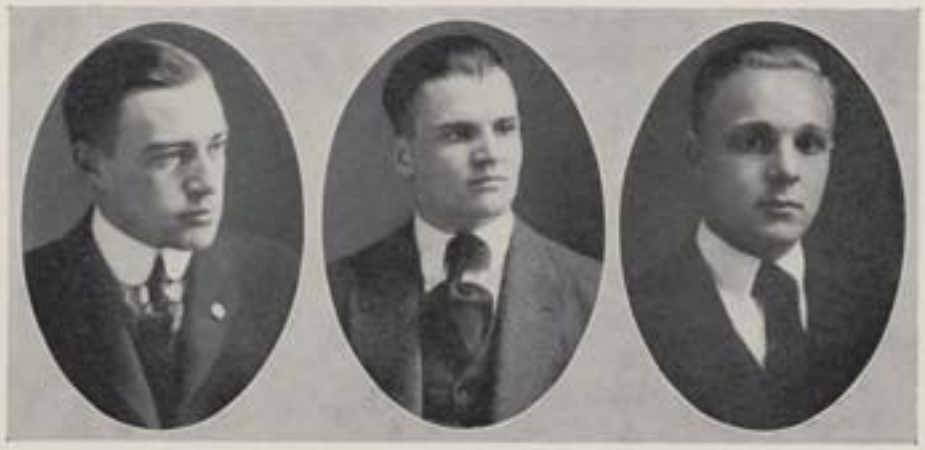
Candidate for B.S. Degree

Sewanee Literary Society, '14, Vice-President, '15, Sigma Epsilon; Head Proctor, '16; Football, '14, '15, '16, Captain-Elect, '17; Manager Baseball, '17; Vice-President Sophomore Class; President Junior Class; Manager University Club, '16; Cheliden; Senior Thalian Club.

WILLIAM DUDLEY GALE, JR., Δ Τ Δ Nashville, Tenn.

Candidate for B.A. Degree.

Cap and Gown Staff, '17; Neograph; Junior Thalian Club.



Senior Class

HIRAM KENNEDY DOUGLAS, *Σ A E* Florence, Ala.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Sewanee Representative at Student Volunteer Conference, Northfield, Mass.

VIRGIL LEROY PAYNE, *K A* Greenville, Miss.

Candidate for B.S. Degree

Senior Ribbon Society; Football Squad, '16; Varsity, '17; Baseball, '17, Manager, '18; President Junior Class; Vice-President Junior Thalian Club.

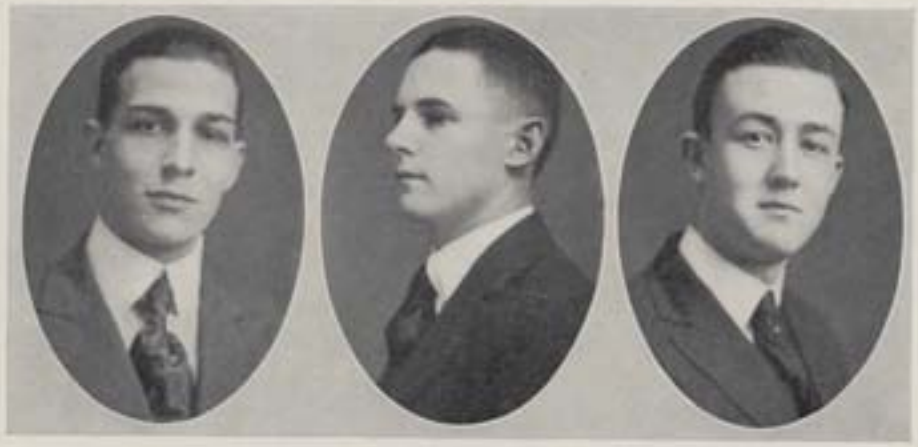
CHARLES WITTE WARING, *A T Ω* Charleston, S. C.

Candidate for B.A. Degree

Senior Ribbon Society; Senior Thalian Club.



JUNIORS



Junior Class

FREDERICK DAVIS BROWN, JR., Σ A E Natchez, Miss.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Sigma Epsilon; President Junior Class; President Senior Thalian Club; Vice-President Mississippi Club; Senior Ribbon Society.

WILLIAM WATKINS VAUGHAN, I I A Selma, Ala.

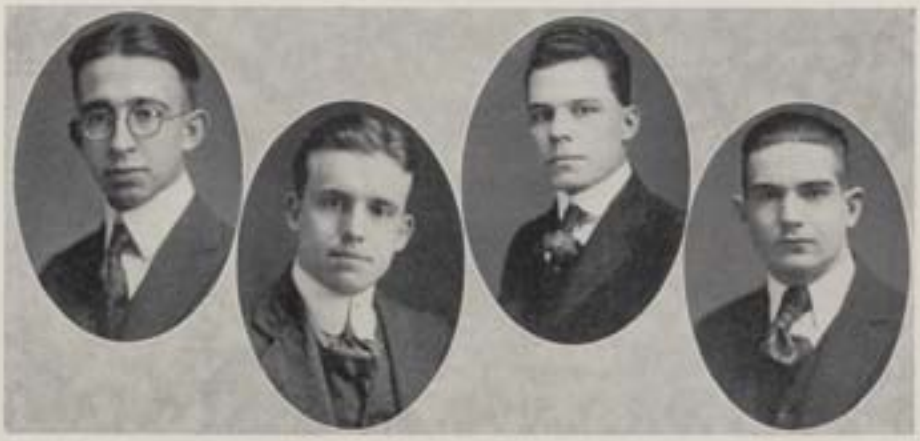
CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Vice-President Junior Class; Junior Thalian Club; Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore Class, '18-'19.

RICHARD HARBISON, K A Greenville, Miss.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Secretary-Treasurer Junior Class; Secretary-Treasurer Mississippi Club.



Junior Class

CALVIN KENDRICK SCHWING, Σ Δ E Plaquemine, La.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Senior Thalian Club; Science Club.

JAMES EDWARD HARTON, K Σ Dyersburg, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Pi Omega, Vice-President, '19-'20; Sopherim; Purple Staff, '17-'18; Winner of Overton Lea Medal for Oratory, '19.

JULIAN FREDRIC SCOTT, Δ T Δ Thomasville, Ga.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Junior Proctor; Purple Staff, '20; Track Team, '18; Pan-Hellenic; Science Club; Pi Omega; Choir; Junior Thalian Club; Neograph.

THOMAS PRESTON HARPER, K Δ Texarkana, Texas

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Football, '17, '18, Captain, '19; Track Team, '17, '18; Secretary-Treasurer Freshman Class, '17; Punch and Judy; Senior Thalian Club; Proctor; Senior Ribbon Society.



Junior Class

CHARLES CARTER SWOOPE, Σ A E Murfreesboro, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore Class, '17-'18; Junior Thalian Club; Cheer Leader, '19-'20.

LYMAN PAUL HOGE Sewanee, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

HOWARD MITCHELL POWELL, Φ Γ Δ Decherd, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Pan-Hellenic, '19-'20.

QUINTARD JOYNER, Φ Δ Θ Pine Ridge Agency, S. D.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Sigma Epsilon.



Junior Class

EVERT ABRAM BANCKER, *K A* Atlanta, Ga.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Football, '17, '18; Football Squad, '19; Track Team, '17-'18; Punch and Judy; Sigma Epsilon.

GEORGE LESLIE WRIGHT, *A T A* Greenwood, Miss.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

President Freshman Class, '17; Junior Thalian Club, President, '19; Honor Committee, '17-'18; Punch and Judy; Baseball, '18; Football, '17, '18, '19; Track, '19.

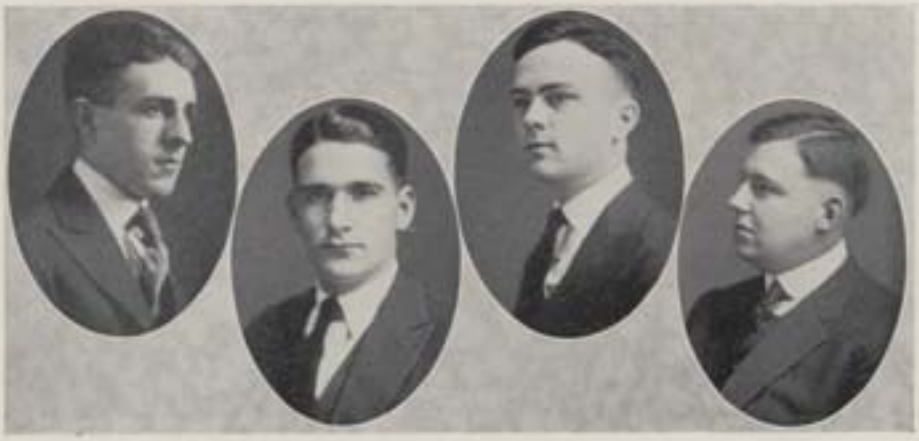
HENRY HUGH BAYNARD WHALEY, *A T A* Edisto Island, S. C.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Purple Staff, '18, '19, '20; Pi Omega, Vice-President, '19-'20.

MARION ST. JOHN DUBOSE, *Σ A E* Badin, N. C.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE



Junior Class

LYON WILLIAM KOCH, *K A* Greenville, Miss.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Pi Omega; Science Club; Junior Thalian Club.

DAVID ST. PIERRE DUBOSE, *Σ A E* Badin, N. C.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Football Squad, '17-'18; Track Team, '18; Pan-Hellenic, '18-'19; Senior Thalian Club; Science Club.

THOMAS EXAM HANGRAVE, *A T Ω* Falls City, Neb.

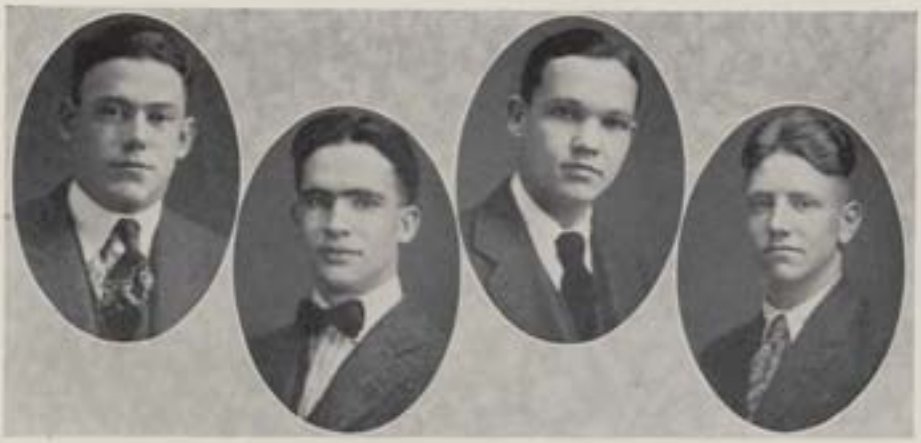
CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Sigma Epsilon; Chelidon; Sopherim; Senior Thalian Club; Punch and Judy; Purple Staff; Cheer Leader, '18-'19; Knight Medal for Declamation, '19.

CORNELIUS PARKER TREAT, *Φ Γ Δ* Hannibal, Mo.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Football Squad, '17; Punch and Judy; Sigma Epsilon; Missouri Club.



Junior Class

HENRY DAMEREL AVES, JR., *K A* Guadalajara, Mexico

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

MOULTRIE GUERRY, *Σ A E* Charleston, S. C.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Purple Staff; Chelidon; Sigma Epsilon; Sopherim.

SAMUEL KNOX HARWELL, JR., *K A* Nashville, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Pi Omega; Science Club; Senior Thalian Club; Football Squad, '19.

CHARLES CAPERS SATTERLEE, *K Σ* Atlanta, Ga.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Sigma Epsilon; Chelidon; Winner of Shepherd Medal for Essay, '19; Punch and Judy; Senior Thalian Club; Football, '17, '18, '19; Track Team, '18, '19; Baseball, '18; Sopherim; Pan-Hellenic, '19; Choir.



Junior Class

CHARLES MARION WOOLFOLK, *A T Ω* Montgomery, Ala.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Sigma Epsilon; Science Club; Purple Staff; Senior Thalian Club; Student Assistant, Chemistry; Senior Ribbon Society.

HIRAM CLARKE TYE, JR., *K A* Jackson, Miss.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Senior Thalian Club.

FELIX ZOLLICOFFER EDWARDS, JR., *Φ Δ Θ* . . . Sherman, Texas

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Senior Thalian Club; Science Club.

PAUL LANE BURTON, *K A* Dallas, Texas

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Senior Ribbon Society; Head Proctor, '19-'20; Neograph; Football Squad, '16-'19; Basketball, '16; Track, '17, '19; Pan-Hellenic, '19-'20; Chelidon.



Junior Class

CHARLES FREDERICK HARD, *A T Ω* Birmingham, Ala.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Sigma Epsilon; Nemgraph; Purple Staff; Junior Thalian Club; Punch and Judy; Choir Director; Cap and Gown Staff, '19-'20.

PAUL CLIFFORD SANDERFER, *K Σ* Trenton, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Assistant Proctor.

WILLIAM MARVIN MCCULLOUGH, *Φ Γ Δ* . . Birmingham, Ala.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Transferred from University of Alabama

BURT WARD CHAPMAN Prattville, Ala.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Sigma Epsilon; Sewanee Ambulance Unit.



Junior Class

WILLIAM HENRY COOPER, Σ A E Shelbyville, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Football, '17, '18, '19; Vice-President Sophomore Class; Junior Thalian Club.

STUART WILLIAM HEATH, JR., A T Ω Winnsboro, S. C.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Vice-President Junior Thalian Club; Sigma Epsilon.

JOHN ADGER MANNING, Σ A E Sumter, S. C.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Senior Thalian Club.

WILLIAM JACKSON KNIGHT, Σ X Helena, Ark.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Phi Beta Kappa, University of Arkansas; Sigma Epsilon; Chelidon; Senior Thalian Club; Choir.



Junior Class

STERLING ATHERTON GATES, $K\ \Sigma$ Baton Rouge, La.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Sigma Epsilon; Junior Thalian Club.

WILLIAM SHANNON STONEY, $\Sigma\ A\ E$ Columbia, S. C.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Football, '19; Chelidon; Sopherim; Vice-President Order of Gownsmen.

HAROLD WHITE BRALY, $\Phi\ \Delta\ \Theta$ Franklin, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Senior Ribbon Society; Football, '19; Junior Proctor, '19; Senior Thalian Club.

ROBERT GEORGE TATUM, $\Delta\ T\ \Delta$ Knoxville, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Sigma Epsilon; Chelidon; Choir.



Junior Class

WILLIAM ROBERT HOLDEN, Δ Τ Δ Memphis, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.S. DEGREE

Pi Omega; Senior Thalian Club; Science Club; Track Team, '19.

HAROLD THORNTON COUNCIL, Κ Δ Greenville, Miss.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Football Squad, '19; Junior Thalian Club.

WILLIAM BRADLEY, JR. Cedar Hill, Tenn.

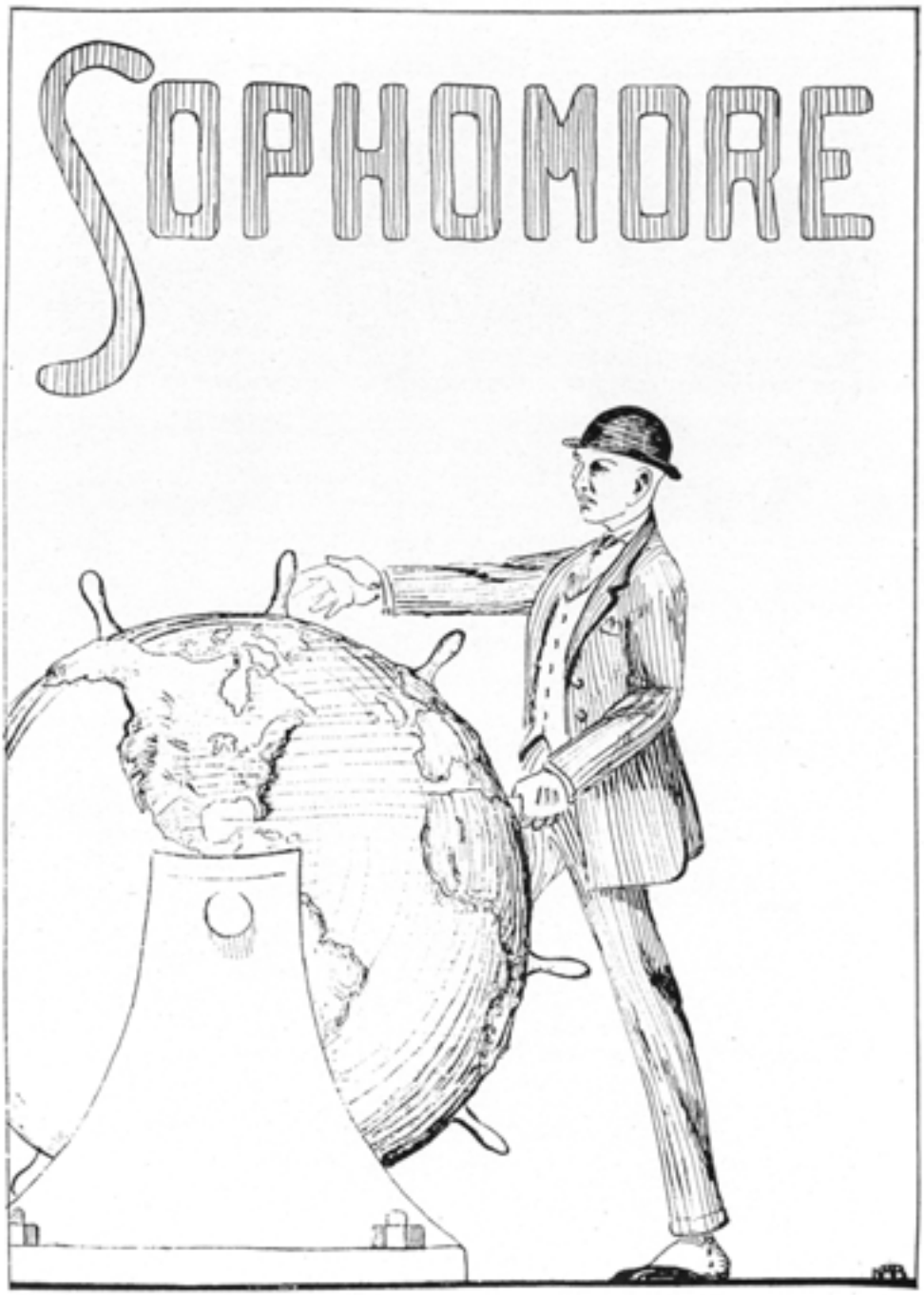
CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Pi Omega.

JOSEPH MCGHEE BAMBERG, Κ Δ Bamberg, S. C.

CANDIDATE FOR B.A. DEGREE

Secretary-Treasurer Junior Thalian Club.


SOPHOMORE



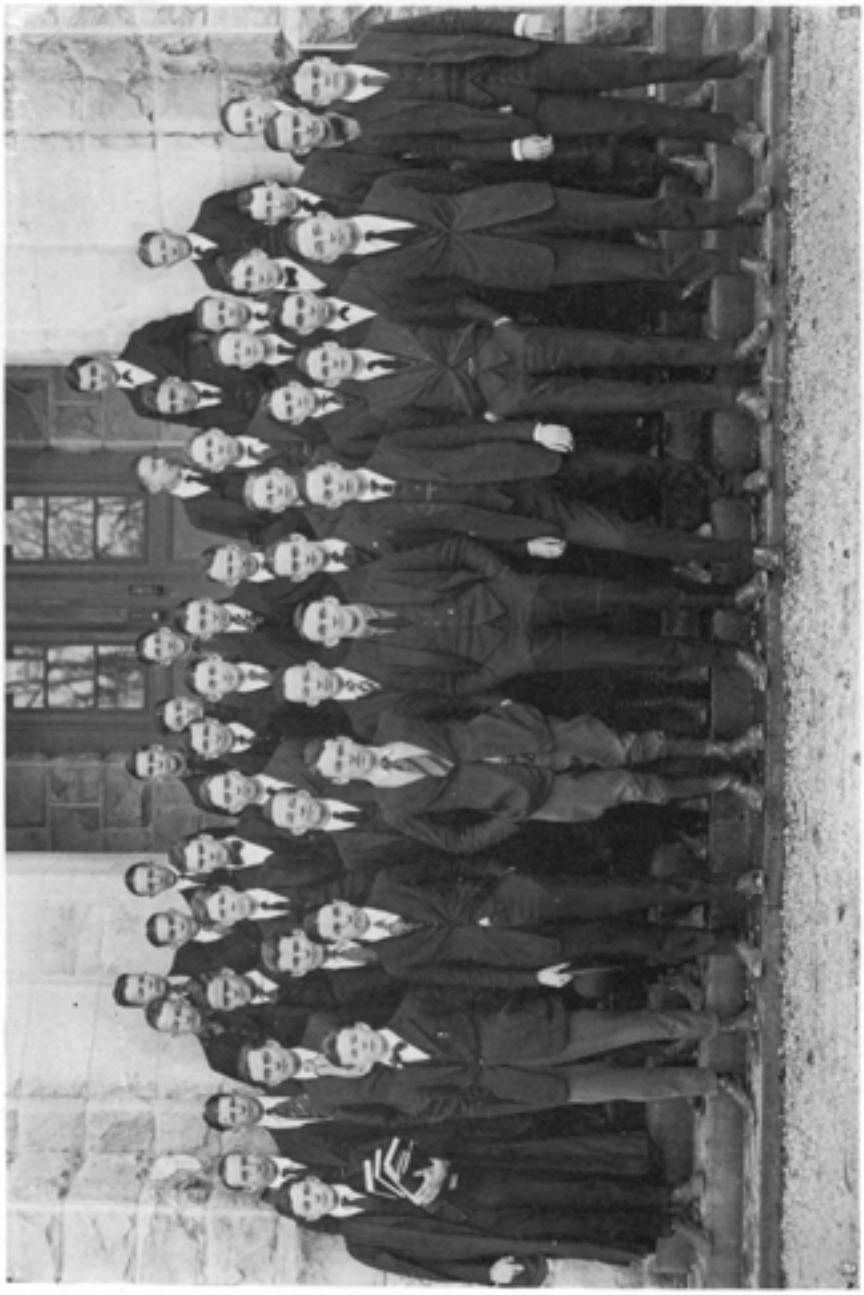
Sophomore Class

Officers

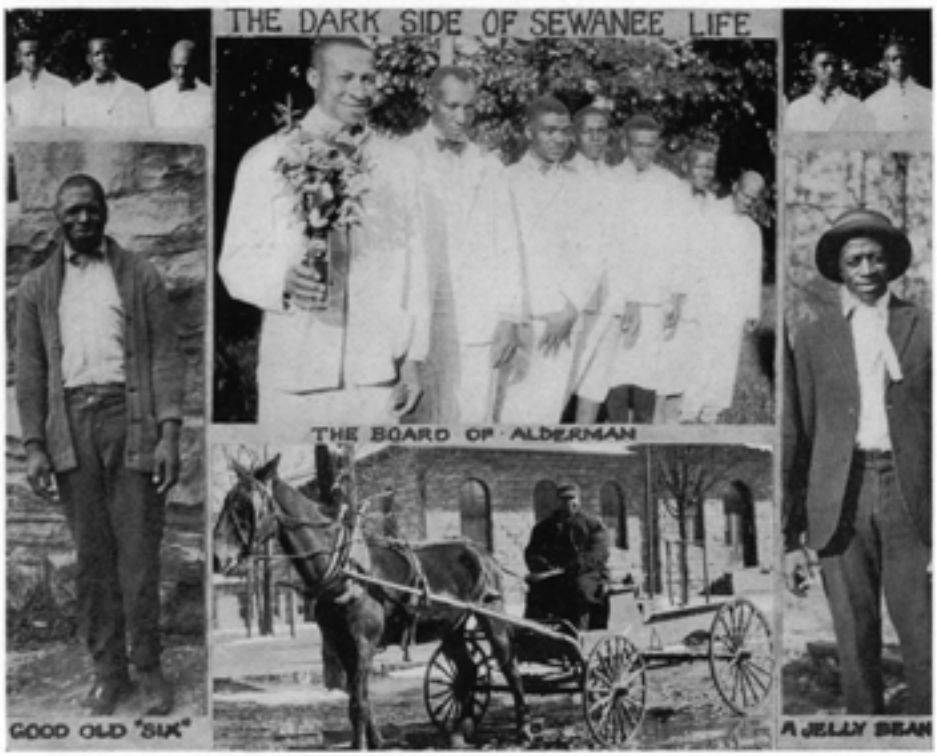
WILLIAM COUGHLAN *President*
JOSEPH HUNTER PHILLIPS *Vice-President*
CHARLES DUNCAN CONWAY *Secretary-Treasurer*

Members

ADOUE
BAILEY, S.
CARNEY
CARRUTHERS
CONWAY
DECKER
DOUGLAS
FLOWER
GERNER
HOLLINGSWORTH
HUFFMAN
KELLY, P.
MARTIN
MERSHON
MOORE, C. C.
NOLLAU
PARK
PAYNE, M.
PAYNE, B. B.
PERKINS
PHILLIPS, J. H.
PHILLIPS, R.
PISE
RICHARDSON
SCHROEDER
SESSUMS
VAUX
WILLIS
WOOLWINE
BAIRD
BAMBERG
BARROW
BONHOLZER
BRADLEY
BROWN, N. A.
COUGHLAN
COX
CUNNINGHAM
DODD
FLOURNOY
GUERRY, LEGRAND
HARRIS, D. P.
HELM, G. M.
LUCKETT
MARABLE
MITCHELL, C. P.
MOORE, B. A.
MORRIS
MURRAY
SCOTT, C. C.
SKIDMORE
TULLIS
TSCHUDY
WILKES
WILLIAMS
WILLIAMSON
WITHERSPOON
GALBRAITH
GRACEY



CLASS OF 1922


THE DARK SIDE OF SEWANEE LIFE
THE BOARD OF ALDERMAN
GOOD OLD "SIX"
A JELLY BEAN



FRESHMAN



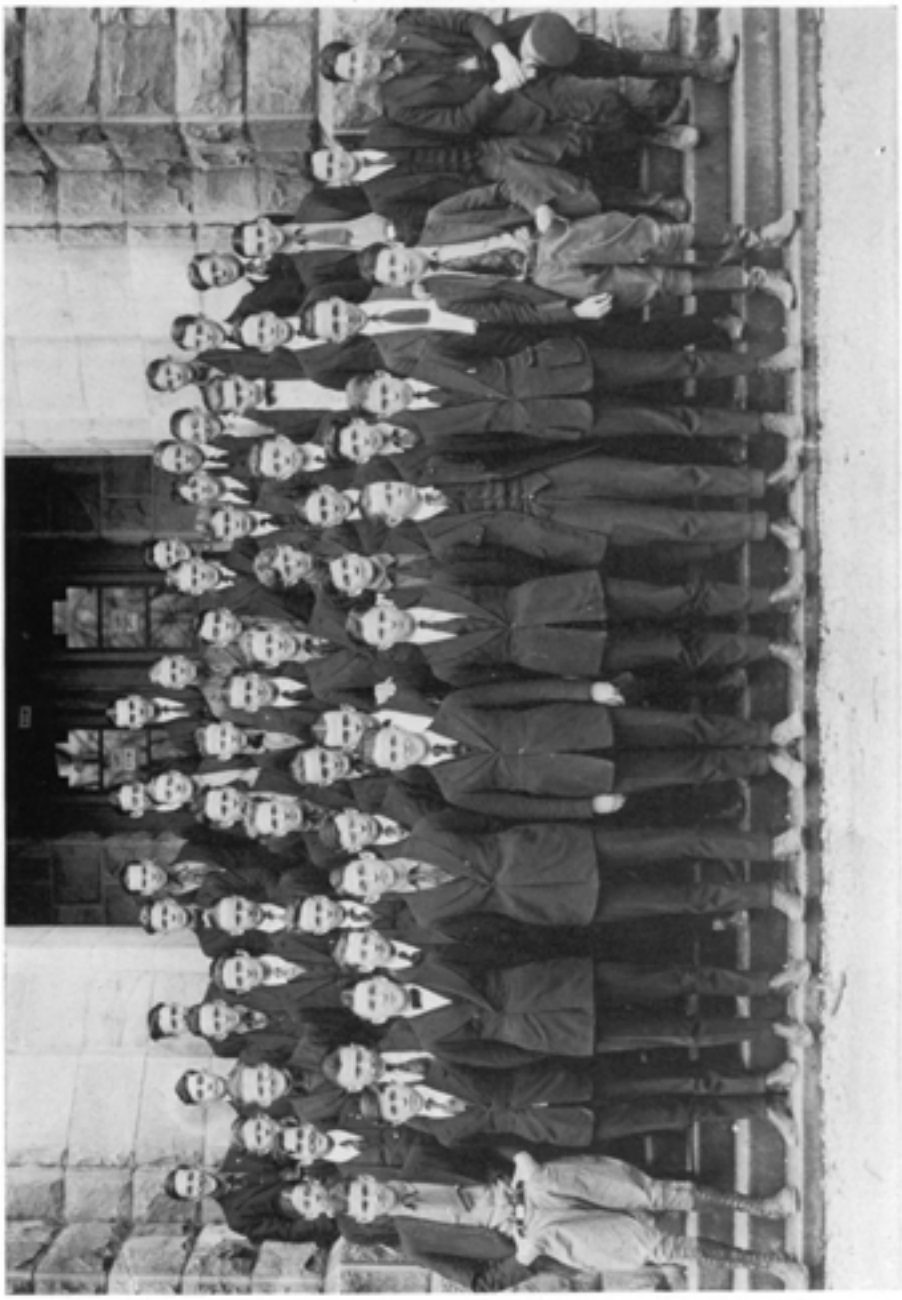
Freshman Class

Officers

James Kennedy Werner *President*
Kenneth K. Council *Vice-President*
John Ferris Hunt *Secretary-Treasurer*

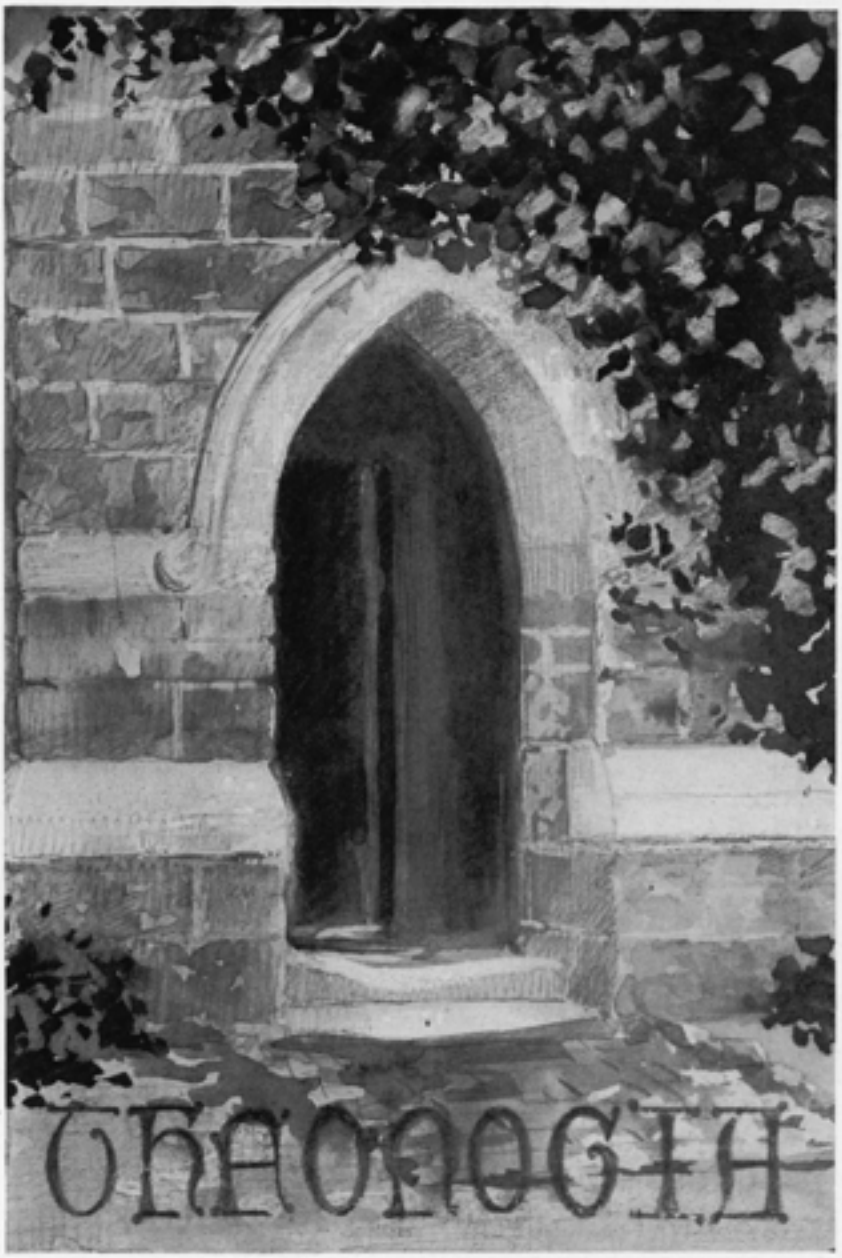
Members

Allen, F. F.	Denney	Herin	McKay	Payne, W.	Spaulding
Allen, J. S.	Devall	Herron	McLeod	Perkins, A. N.	Stevenson
Anderson	Douglas, J. T.	Hicks	McNair	Pickering	Strain
Andrews	DuBose, W. P.	Hilsman	Metcalf	Pierce	Sturdivant
Bartlett	Elliot	Hunt	Milem, C. R.	Plummer	Taylor
Bell	Evans, W. G.	Jackson	Milem, J. A.	Pope	Tenison
Benton	Evans, T. I.	Johnson	Minor, A. F.	Raines	Tomlenson
Bickham	Farnsworth	Kelly, J. C.	Mitchell, A. T	Ramsay	Turner
Boyd	Fite	Lawrie	Mitchell, R. H	Rather	Wallace
Brand	Frampton	Linticum	Moore, C. B.	Robinson	Ware
Brown, F. C.	Frierson	Litton	Moore, J. P.	Rogers	Waterfield
Brown, W. M.	Grubbs	Long	Moore, M. A.	Rose	Wells
Calvit	Guerry, E. B.	Lyman, G. C.	Morgan	Sanford	Werner
Cheek	Gunn	MacBlain	Murphy	Schoolfield	Whitaker
Cobbs	Harris, S.	Marshall	Nelson	Schwing, E. B	Willeford
Collins	Harrison	Mason	Neville, G. W.	Searcy	Wilson, B.
Council, K. K.	Harwell, R. E.	Mathewes	Neville, S. S.	Shotwell	Wilson, W. J.
Crosslin	Head	McClure	Nichol	Sloan	Wintrow
Crownover	Helm, G. C.	McCormack	Pan	Smith	Woodward
Dance	Helvenston	McGimsey	Parke	Snowden	Wren



CLASS OF 1923


LONDON BRIDGE
THE CHAUFFEUR OFF-DUTY
THE JAZZ-HOUND'S STUDY HOUR
AW SWAN CLAUDE
CHEATING SATURDAY NIGHT


THROUGH

Theological Department

Faculty

THE RT. REV. ALBION WILLIAMSON KNIGHT, D.D.
Vice-Chancellor

THE VERY REV. CLEVELAND KEITH BENEDICT, D.D.
B.A., Kenyon; B.D., Camb.; D.D., Kenyon
Dean, and Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology

THE. REV. THOMAS ALLEN TIDBALL, D.D., W. & M.
Professor Emeritus of Ecclesiastical History
Lecturer in Early English Church History

THE REV. CHARLES LUKE WELLS, B.A., Harvard;
B.D., Cambridge; Ph.D., Harvard
Professor of Ecclesiastical History

THE REV. WILLIAM HASKELL DuBOSE, M.A., U. of S.
Professor of Old Testament Language and Interpretation

THOMAS PEARCE BAILEY, Ph.D., S. C.
Professor of Philosophy and Apologetics

REV. JOHN PUNNETT PETERS, Ph.D., Leipzig and Berlin;
D.D., Yale; S.C.D., Pennsylvania
Professor of New Testament Language and Literature

FRANCIS MOORE OSBORNE, B.A., M.A., North Carolina;
B.D., University of the South
Acting Professor of Theology



DR. C. K. BENEDICT

DEAN OF THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

The Theological Department

THE Theological Department of the University is thirty-one years old and was organized originally by the Bishops of the Southern dioceses in order that men studying for the ministry of the Church might have the advantage of the University atmosphere and training. The Bishops pledged their dioceses to support the Theological Professors by voluntary offerings, if the University would permit the department to function as an integral part of the University system. This is why appeals have been made so frequently for the support of that department until some people came to believe that the University itself was a Theological Seminary.

However, the Theological Department has more than justified its existence. Although numerically a small factor in the University life, it has made a big influential contribution to the scholarship as well as to the Christian ideals of Sewanee.

Taking them all in all, the students in the Theological Department have been men of manly independence and character. They have furnished leaders for the literary societies, for the fraternities, and on the athletic field. They have helped the average undergraduate to realize that the ministry of the Church is an honorable calling and that a candidate for Holy Orders is not necessarily a monk or a mollycoddle. For the founder of the department and the personality that pervaded it for nearly thirty years was Dr. Wm. P. DuBose, a great scholar and at once the manliest and saintliest of men. Among the students who came under his influence and instruction are ten Bishops of the Church and more than two hundred clergymen, whose life works bear witness to the efficiency of our Theological Department.

Today this department is crippled by lack of adequate endowments. It is the only Theological School of the Church which is closely and completely identified with the various activities of a university organization. Unfortunately, the students are without the opportunities of self-support that are supplied by the Church life of a large city, and, while their training in practical missionary work cannot be surpassed anywhere, the Church should see to it that scholarships in sufficient number are endowed to enable the men to get the advantage of sound learning and efficiency, which, we believe, Sewanee to a unique degree affords.

(Signed) THOS. F. GAILOR.



Theological Class

LOUIS BLANG RULE Knoxville, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR M.A. AND B.D. DEGREES

Chi Rho; Pi Omega; Member of St. Luke's Brotherhood; Prosecuting Attorney for K. K.; Bishop of St. Paul's.

JAMES REDING HELMS Nashville, Tenn.

CANDIDATE FOR B.D. DEGREE

Chi Rho; Purple Staff, '19; Attorney for the Defence, K. K.; Cardinal of Thumping Dick.

HENRY BURNETT, II, $\Phi\ \Gamma\ \Delta$ Paducah, Ky.

CANDIDATE FOR B.D. DEGREE

Chi Rho; Pi Omega; High Sheriff of K. K.; Former Bishop of Roark's Cove.

GORDON DECATUR PIERCE, $K\ \Sigma$ Brooklyn, N. Y.

CANDIDATE FOR B.D. DEGREE

Chi Rho; Chelidon; Judge of K. K.; Pi Omega; Archbishop of St. Paul's.



Theological Class

CHARLES LEONIDAS WIDNEY, *A T Ω* Chickasha, Okla.

CANDIDATE FOR B.D. DEGREE

Chi Rho; Legate to Jump Off.

DAVID ELRED HOLT, *K Σ* Montgomery, Ala.

CANDIDATE FOR B.D. DEGREE

Chi Rho; Bishop of Roark's Cove.

GEORGE FRANKLIN WHARTON, JR., *Δ T Δ* . . New Orleans, La.

CANDIDATE FOR B.D. DEGREE

Chi Rho; Curate of St. Paul's.

WILLIAM SHANNON STONEY, *Σ A E* Columbia, S. C.

CANDIDATE FOR B.D. DEGREE

Bishop of Cowan.


"BOLSHEVIK ENTRY."
"FOUR-MINUTE-EGG ENTRY"
"STUDENT'S ENTRY"
THEOLOGS GAMBLING



Choir

Wm. F. Schneider, C. Frederick Hard *Directors*
Albert Bonholzer *Organist*

Members

Allen
Williams
McCormick
Nolleau
Williamson
Knight
Sessums
Douglas
Tullis
Carter
Greet
Brown, W. M.
Scott, J.
Dearborn
Hammond
Grubbs
Satterlee
Stoney
Rule
Hargrave
Tatum
McClure
Plummer



Alpha Chapter of Chi Rho

A Theological Fraternity Founded at Sewanee in 1919

Alpha Chapter Sewanee
Beta Chapter Philadelphia

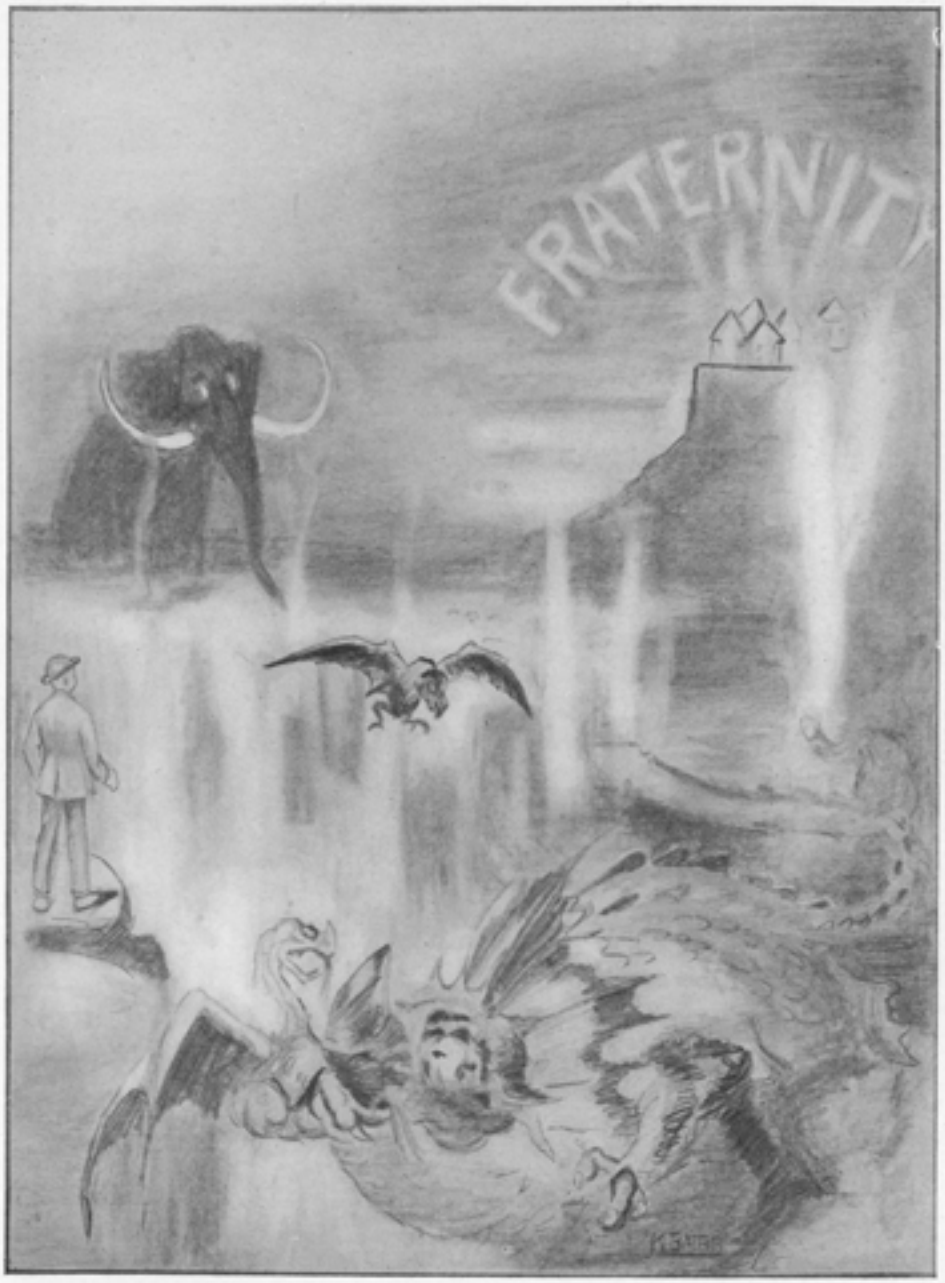
VALENTINE HUNTER SESSIONS, *Honorary Life President*

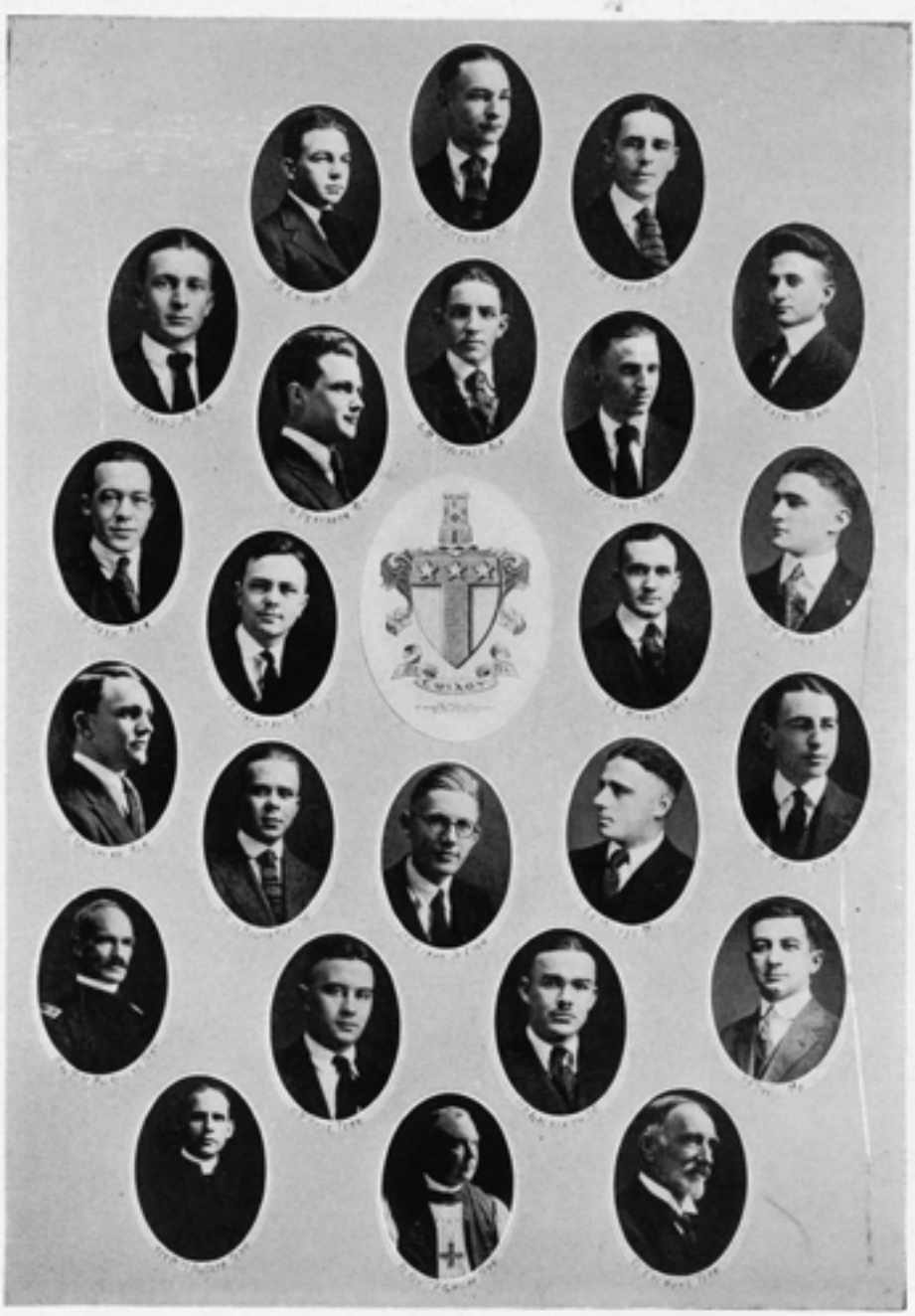
MEMBERS

BURNETT
HELMS
PIERCE
RULE
HOLT
WHARTON
WIDNEY



Organizations


FRATERNITY



Tennessee Omega Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Facultate

Rt. Rev. T. F. Gailor — W. B. Nauts
Rev. W. H. DuBose — W. H. MacKellar
R. B. Davis

In Urbe

P. M. Brooks
B. M. Brooks

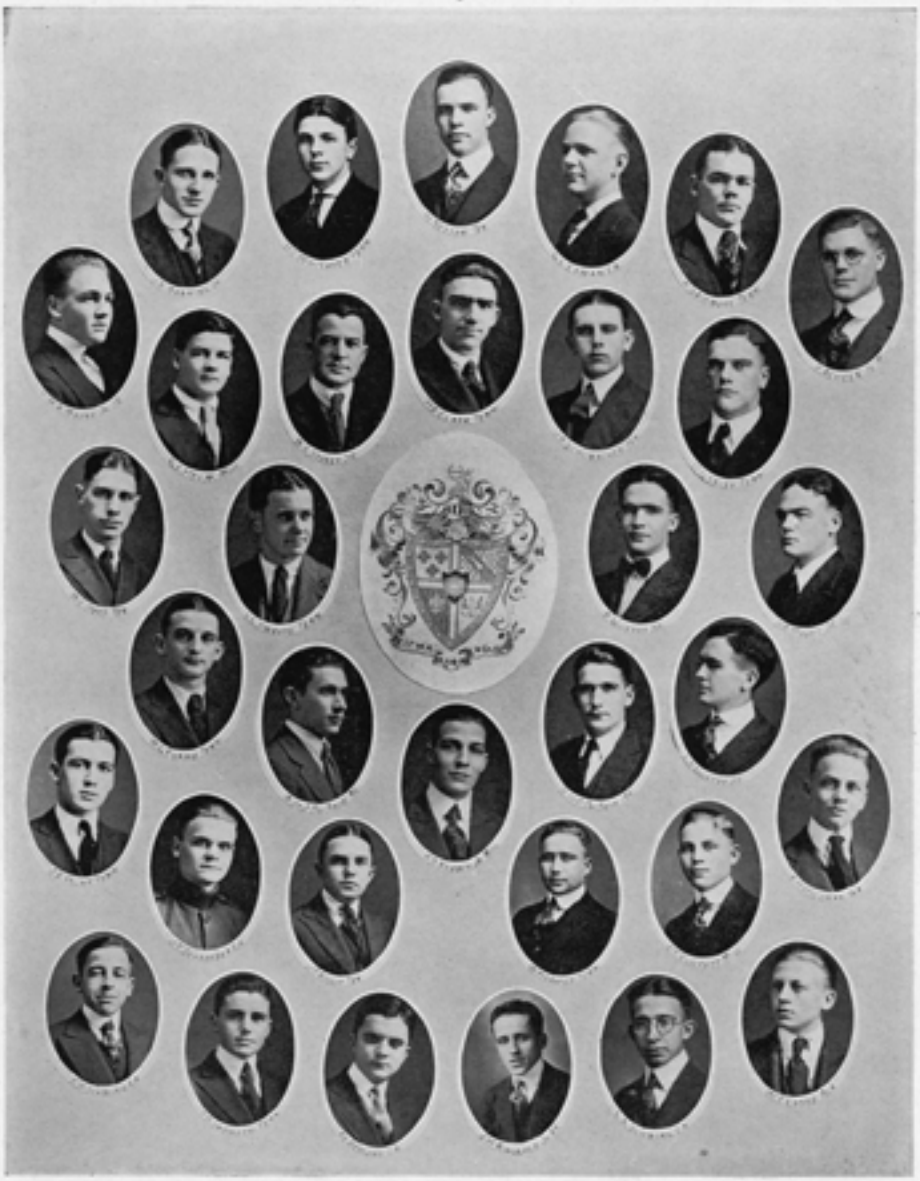
In Officio

R. L. Colmore

In Academia

Carney
Coughlan
de Bruyn Kops
Hard
Hargraves
Heath
Lyman, D. B.
Morris
Mitchell, C. P.
Pitner
Rose
Evans, T.
Dearborn
Brown, W. M.
Wilkes
Widney
Woolfolk
Chisolm
Galbraith
Harris, S.


A
T
Ω



Tennessee Omega Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Officio

R. M. Kirby-Smith
J. C. Preston

In Academia

Allen, F.
Adoue
Brown, F. D.
Barrow
Cooper, W.
Cobbs
Cheek
DuBose, J.
DuBose, P.
Luckett
Lyman, G. C.
Manning
Moore, B. A.
Moore, M.
Schwing, E. B.
Schwing, C. K.
Snowden
Sessums
Swoope
Schumacher
Stoney
Schroeder
Clark
Vaux
Huffman
Ringgold
Gracey
Helm, G. M.
Helm, G. C.
Taylor
Hilsman
Hunt
Evans
Wells
Nelson
Whittaker
Guerry, M.
Guerry, C.
Skidmore
Boyd





Omega Chapter of Kappa Sigma

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Facultate

J. N. Ware
J. P. Nicholson

In Officio

A. L. Lear

In Academia

Allen
Bailey, J.
Bingham
Brand
Denney
Devall
Dodd
Gates
Harris, D. P.
Harton
Hickerson
Holt
Mathewes
Mitchell
McClure
Murphy
Pan
Park
Perkins
Pickering
Pierce
Raines
Sanderfer
Satterlee
Smith
Woodward
Wren




ARCHITECTS
AND



Tennessee Beta Chapter of Phi Delta Theta

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Facultate

H. M. Gass

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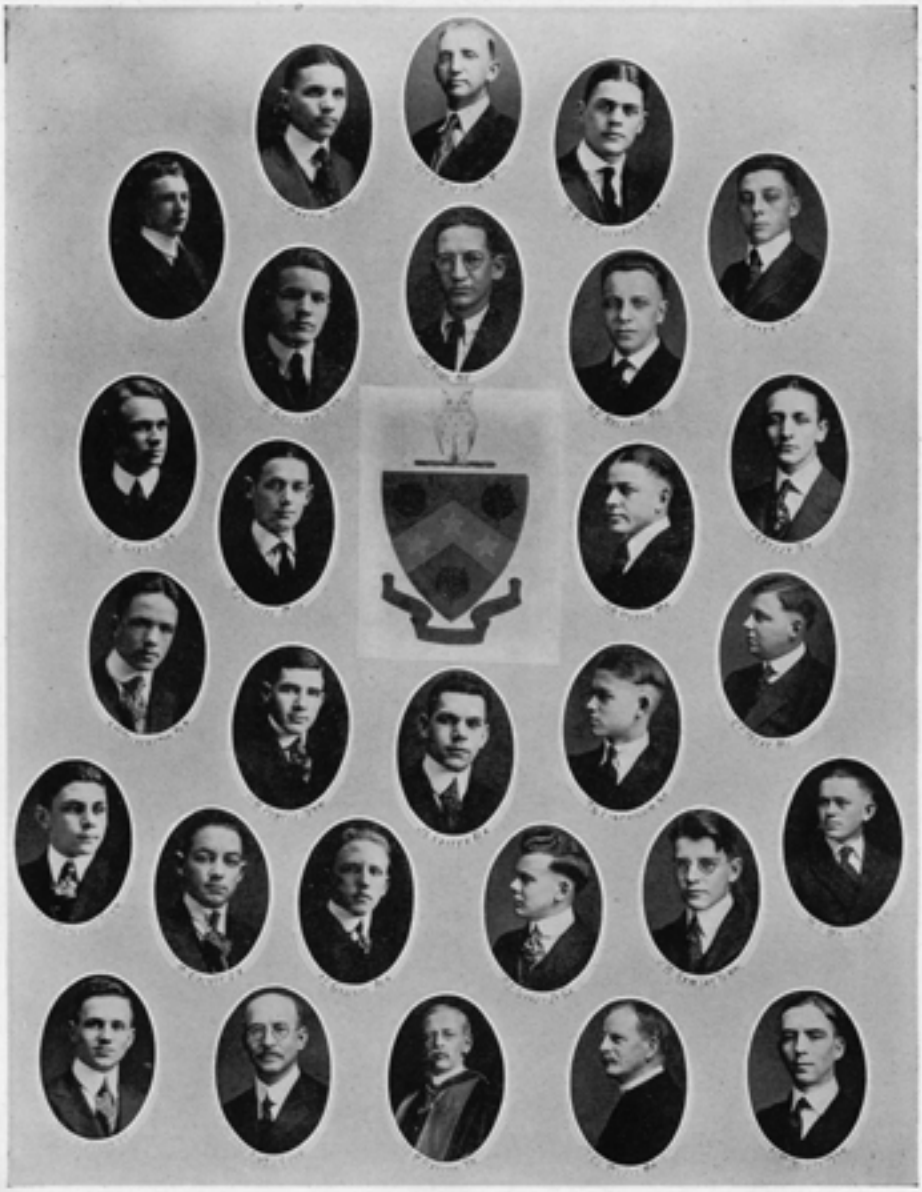
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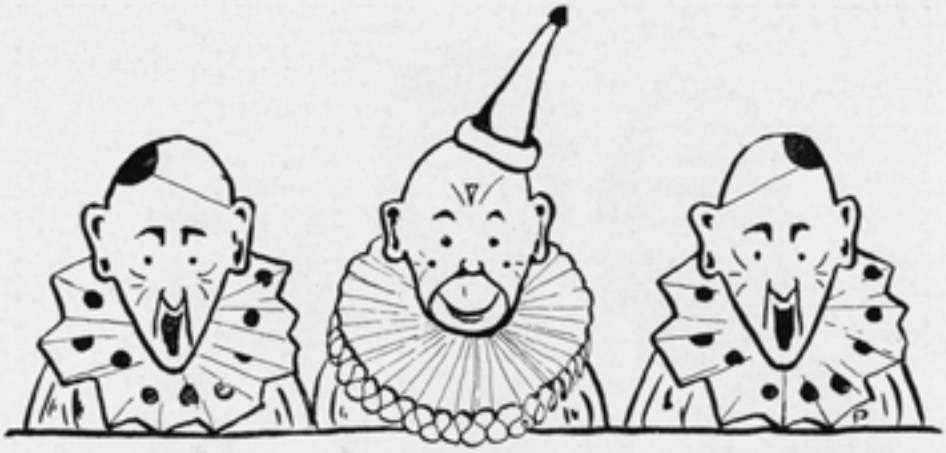


U H

G

13


PROWLERS



Punch and Judy Dramatic Club

Officers

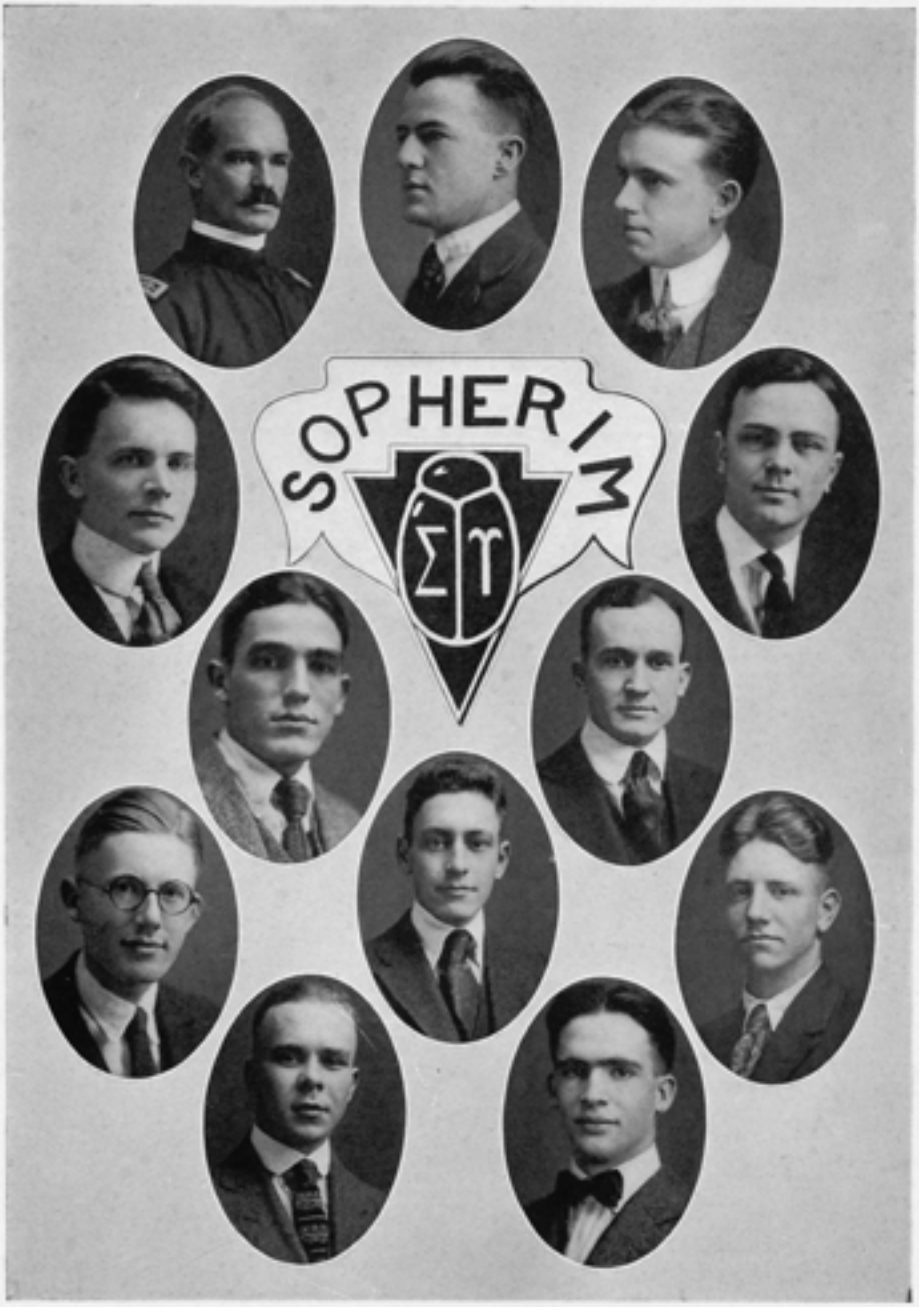
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Hammond	Satterlee	Adoue
Harper	Dearborn	Lyman, D. B.
Hargrave	Chipman	Harwell, S.

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Rev. H. D. Phillips — Samuel Sharpe
W. H. MacKellar


SOPHERIM
ΣΓ

Chapman's Homer, a Play

The Scene is Laid in the Bowling Green of the Mermaid Tavern.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

GEORGE CHAPMAN GUERRY
JANE AUSTEN WIDNEY
HORATIO ALGER SATTERLEE
JONATHAN SWIFT CHIPMAN
OLIVER GOLDSMITH HOLT
SAMUEL JOHNSON HARGRAVES
JAMES BOSWELL DE BRUYN KOPS
CHARLES DARWIN SCHNEIDER
ROBT. INGERSOLL LYMAN
JOHN BUNYAN STONEY
GEORGE ELIOT HARTON

ACT ONE

SCENE I (Sam'l Johnson Hargraves, James Boswell de Bruyn Kops, Oliver Goldsmith Holt, and Jonathan Swift Chipman are playing at bowles). Enter Geo. Chapman Guerry holding on his shoulder a mighty war club resembling a baseball bat.

Chapman: Avaunt, ye Warriors! Put up thy bowles and let us play at ball!

Johnson: Now, by my troth, thou hast well spoken.

Boswell (watching Johnson): Thou hast said it.

Swift: And quit a good game for a Lilliputian sport.

(They play at ball and their numbers are increased by Horatio Alger Satterlee and J. Bunyan Stoney.)

SCENE II. The same.

ACT TWO

SCENE I (G. Chapman Guerry's team is now playing a terrific contest with the Mermaid Tavern Ostlers and Carpenters, who now have the field.)

Chapman: Who is that damsel who acts as sponsor for yonder churls? She seems to be a-mooning over yon lout, Adam Bede, the short stop.

Alger: She, my lord, is "bound to rise," and though only an English farm girl, she will succeed through "pluck and luck." She, sir, is Geo. Eliot Harton, and exceeding fair to look upon.

ACT THREE

SCENE I (The Ostlers and Carpenters are now at bat).

Chapman: Ah, sir, tell me what flower of rarest beauty is she who so surpasses my Helen of Troy? Ye gods, but she is wondrous fair!

Bunyan: She, sir, is Jane Austen Widney. I perceive that you have sipped of the sweet delusions of love and are enmeshed by yonder creature. She it is whose gage we wear today.

Chapman: Methinks that knave Oliver hath set his pen to writing ditties to her, but I will outvie the surly groom and win her yet.

SCENE II, III AND IV. The same. (Ostlers still batting.)

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. (The game has been suspended, for Chas. Darwin Schneider and Robt. Ingersoll Lyman are now arguing over the electrical plausibility of infernal notions.)

SCENE II. (It is now the ninth inning, Chapman's team at bat, with Chas. Darwin Schneider and Robt. Ingersoll Lyman on first and second, still arguing.)

Chapman (to Jane Austen Widney): Yon scurvy Ostlers have two tallies to their credit, fair lady, but one touch of thy lily hand and I shall make a homer that will make the world resound.

Jane Widney: Ah, sweet sir, you have such "Pride and Prejudice." My hand is yours if you do this mighty deed.

Chapman (striding to the plate): Throw, thou vile varlet, throw thy most tortuous curve and I will knock it down the throat of yonder loutish Adam Bede. (He makes a homer.)

Jane Austen Widney (falling into the arms of the hero): Oh, sir, what a noble swat!

CURTAIN



Chelidon

O Chelidon, O Swallow, creature bright!
Spreading unfaltering wings, you soar on high
And view the broad expanse of land and sky
With vision unimpaired, in clearest light
Above the clouds and mists that dim the sight
Of beings chained to Earth, who can but sigh
To be with you, and with impassioned cry
Beseech you that you free them from their plight.
O Fiery Orators of Chelidon!
Endowed with more than mortal tongue, and tone
Most organ-like in its resounding ring—
In flights of eloquence where words take wing
You soar within the swallows' sky-abode
To heights which are exampled by this ode.

Members

Dr. Bailey—"His talk was like a stream which flows with rapid change from rocks to roses."

Dr. Baker—"The speaker has left an impression more delightful than permanent."

Dr. Benedict—"For brevity is good
Where we are, or are not, understood."

Mr. DuBose—"Even wit's a burden when it talks too long."

Mr. Hodgson—"What means this passionate discourse?"

Mr. MacKellar—"Sweet smoke of rhetoric."

Mr. Ware—"He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit."

Mr. Phillips—"With volleys of eternal babble."

Dr. Wells—"Bid me discourse and I will enchant thine ear."

Burton—"Basan's bull bellows bravely, brazenly babbling bothersome bosh."

Chipman—"Faith, sirs, he is monotonous; he never disagrees."

Dearborn—"A fine volley of words and quickly shot off."

de Bruyn Kops—"You'd scarcely expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
But large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Guerry—"Hang not on his words, gentles, for you may fall: his voice often breaks."

Hargraves—"It would talk; Lord, how it talked!"

Holt—"Pour the full time of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong."

Knight—"I am no orator, as Brutus is. I only talk right on."

Nash—"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks long must talk in vain."

Pierce—"The windy satisfaction of the tongue."

Satterlee—"Hot air is good for warming up an audience."

Scry—"Eloquence . . . is sometimes discovered where least expected."

Tatum—"Be silent and safe; silence never betrays you."

Widney—"Our words have wings, but fly not where we would."

Stoney (Secretary)—"Brevity is the *sole* of wit."

Stoney is its *vamp*. (For "vamp," see the shoemaker's Theda Bara.)



Pi Omega

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WHALEY	*Vice-President*	HARTON
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CARRUTHERS	*Critic*	MERSHON
PHILLIPS	*Sergeant-at-Arms*	PIERCE
WHALEY	*Purple Reporter*	DOUGLAS

ACHIEVEMENTS

Winner of the Jemison Medal for Debate, LYMAN.
Winner of the Overton Lea Medal for Oratory, HARTON.
GREET selected to debate with Tulane, 1920.

ANDERSON
ALLEN
BURNETT
CARRUTHERS
CARTER
DOUGLAS
FRAMPTON
GREET
GRUBBS

Pi Omega,
Illustrious
Is thy name!
Unparalleled
Thy story!
All homage
Is thine
Forever,
Pi Omega!

RAMSAY
PIERCE
PHILLIPS
PERKINS
PAYNE
PARKER
NASH
WILLIAMS
MILEM

HELVENSTON
PAYNE, M.
PIERCE, R.
SCHNEIDER
SESSUMS
SORY

HARWELL
HARTON
HEAD
HOLDEN
CUNNINGHAM
RULE

MERSHON
LYMAN, D. B.
KOCH
HOBBS

SPALDING
STURDIVANT
SNOWDEN
WHALEY
PISE
MITCHELL



Sigma Epsilon Literary Society

Motto: "Carpe Diem" *Colors:* Red and White

Officers

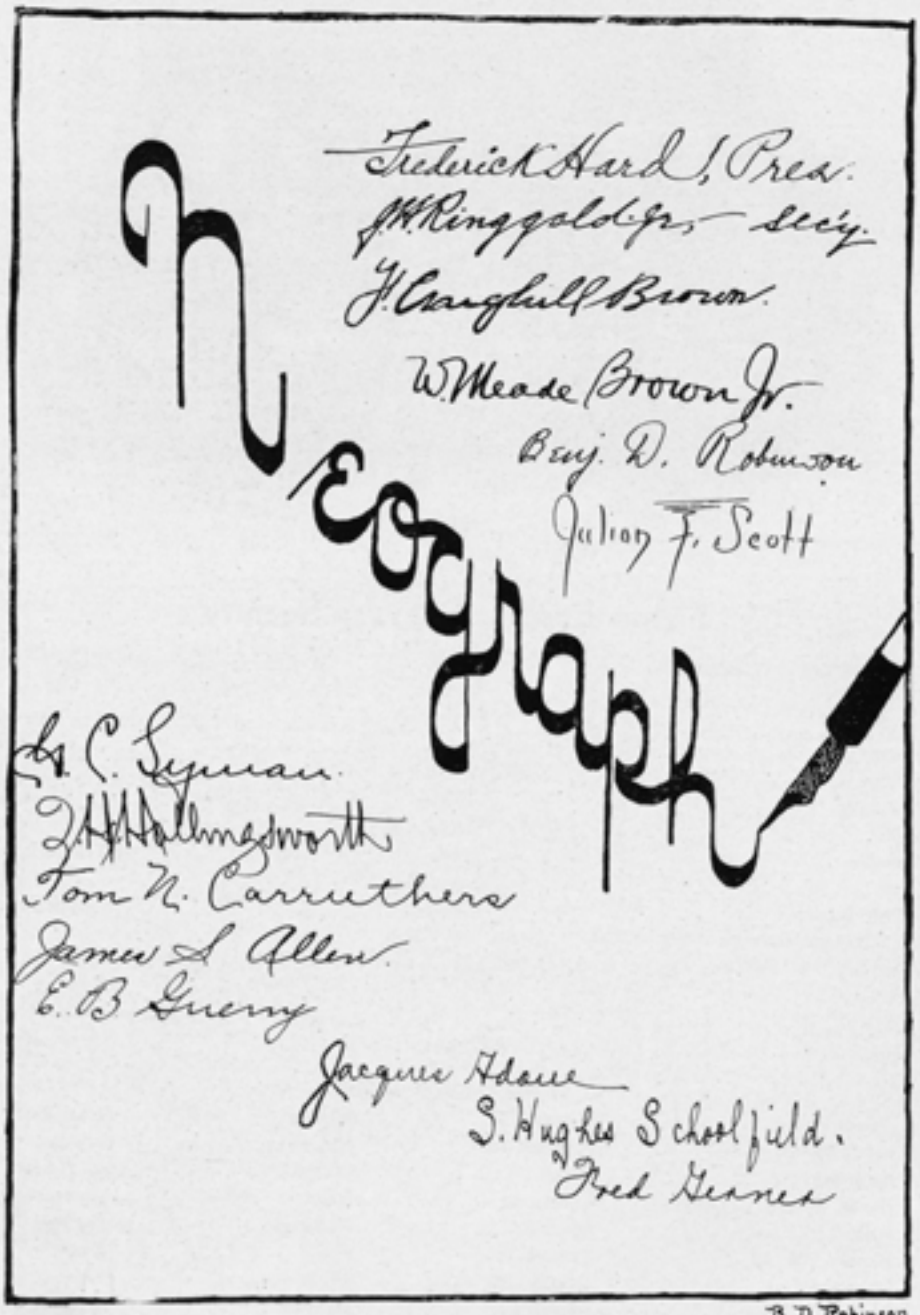
Fall		*Spring*
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Hargrave	*Secretary*	Hargrave
Adoue	*Treasurer*	Adoue
Chipman	*Critic*	M. Guerry
Gunn	*Sergeant-at-Arms*	Holt
W. M. Brown	*Historian*	Ringgold

Achievements in 1919—*Shepherd Medal for Essay*, Satterlee; *Knight Medal for Elocution*, Hargrave. In 1920 one member of the Debating Team sent to New Orleans, Quincey.

Members

W. H. Mackellar, M.A.

Adoue	Guerry, E.	Minor, C.	Robinson
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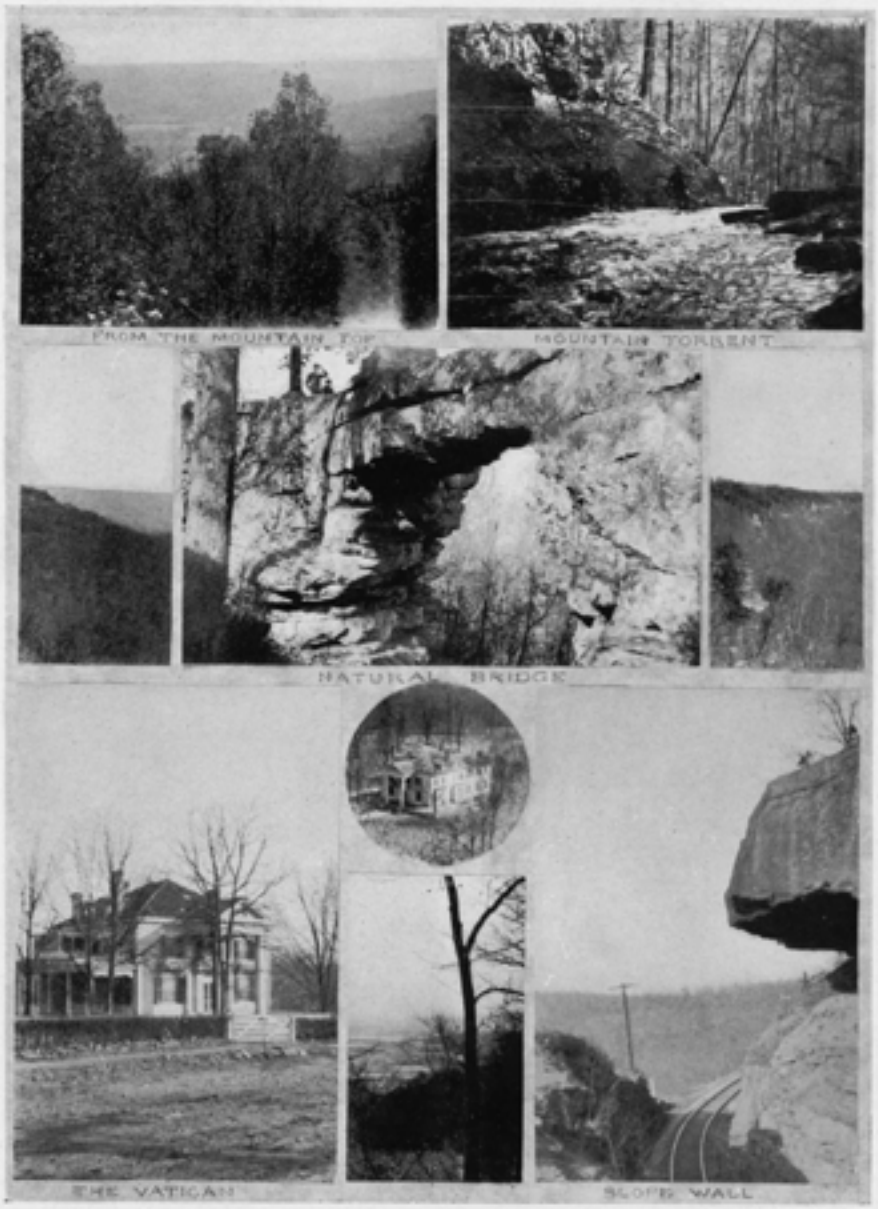
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Capers Satterlee

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FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP
MOUNTAIN TORRENT
NATURAL BRIDGE
THE VATICAN
SLOPE WALL



The Sewanee Purple.

THE WEEKLY PUBLICATION of the STUDENTS of THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Volume XXXVII, Number 13 — Sewanee, Tennessee, Wednesday, February 4, 1920 — New Series Number 871

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TRACK ATHLETICS IN FULL SWING

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Council, K.
Long
Treat



Without the ladies (bless 'em all)—
Without a section to recall
The dates and dances, and the scenes
Which bring to light the "jelly-beans,"
How flat the annual would fall!

How quick the boys would be to bawl,
"This is no 'Cap and Gown' at all!
That's what we think a year-book means
Without the ladies!"

So do the ladies each enthrall
That, "What's the use of Thompson Hall?"
Inquire young fellows in their 'teens,
And echo old men with white beans—
"Without the ladies!"



ESTHER NICHOL



SUSAN AND ELIZABETH BAXTER



NATALIE DAVANT



SARAH HINES



SARAH SHANNON



LILLIAN WARNER

The Dancer

From out the golden door
Across the porphyry floor,
 A dancing girl
Whose naked feet were red
With lac, as if they bled,
 Came forth to whirl.

Like two vermilion birds,
More softly than soft words,
 Silent and fleet,
Across the polished stone
Amid the dance were blown
 Her naked feet.

She strewed her path with showers
Of saffron-petalled flowers,
 Whereof the scent
Was sweet upon the air,
Scattering everywhere
 The dancer went.

As when a zephyr blows
The petals of a rose
 Across the grass,
With crimson feet that drift
As silent and as swift,
 She seemed to pass.

With purple, green, and red
The porphyry where she sped
 Was bright and smooth.
(More brilliant and more bright
Those flowers of delight
 Her feet, in sooth!)

The cymbals rang no more:
She drooped upon the floor
 And loosed the flowers,
And all her perfumed hair
Fell down around her there
 In dusky showers.

As though a rose had bled,
Her little feet were red,
 And bright as dawn.
Across the porphyry floor
She fluttered toward the door
 And lo! . . . was gone.

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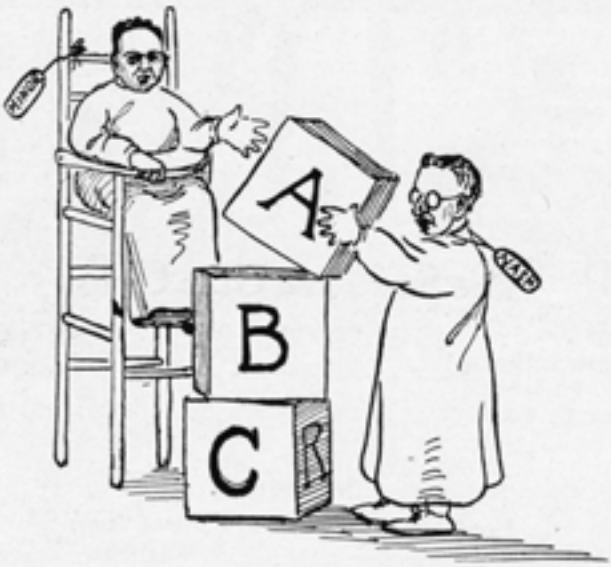
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Schnlider

Second Tenors
Williamson
Allen
Greet
Gracey

First Basses
Bettle
Knight
Dearborn
Stoney
Satterlee

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Hargrave
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Scott, J.

Specials
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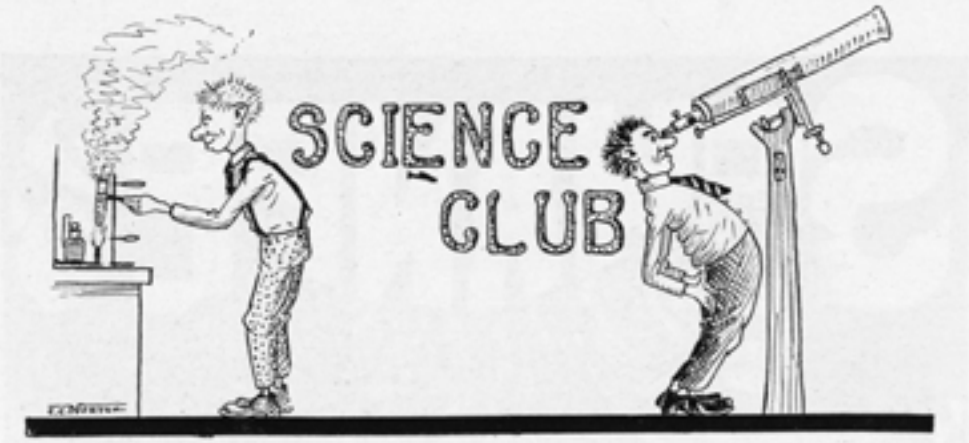
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Murphy, ? ? ?	*The Missing Link*
F. H. Parke	*Janitor*
Will J. Wilson	*Instructor in Aviation (Simply Fly)*



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Le G. Guerry *Secretary and Treasurer*

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H. B. Galbraith—*Pat* Georgetown
R. M. Gaunt—*Gloomy* Allendale
E. B. Guerry—*Half-pint* Charleston
M. Guerry—*Prof.* Charleston
Le G. Guerry—*Rip* *Columbia*
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J. A. Manning—*Johnny* Sumter
D. A. Matthews—*Chick* . . . Spartanburg
A. T. Mitchell—*Mitch* Charleston
C. P. Mitchell—*Poss* Charleston
B. A. Moore—*Bam* Union
M. A. Moore—*Gus* Union
J. O. Morgan—*Pete* Graniteville
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Aves, Henry Damerel, Jr.	Seabrook
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Edwards, Felix Zollicoffer	Sherman
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The Fortnightly Club

1903 1920

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Subject—France

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind;
The glory of learning, the joy of art—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right—
A name like a star, a name of light!
I give you France!

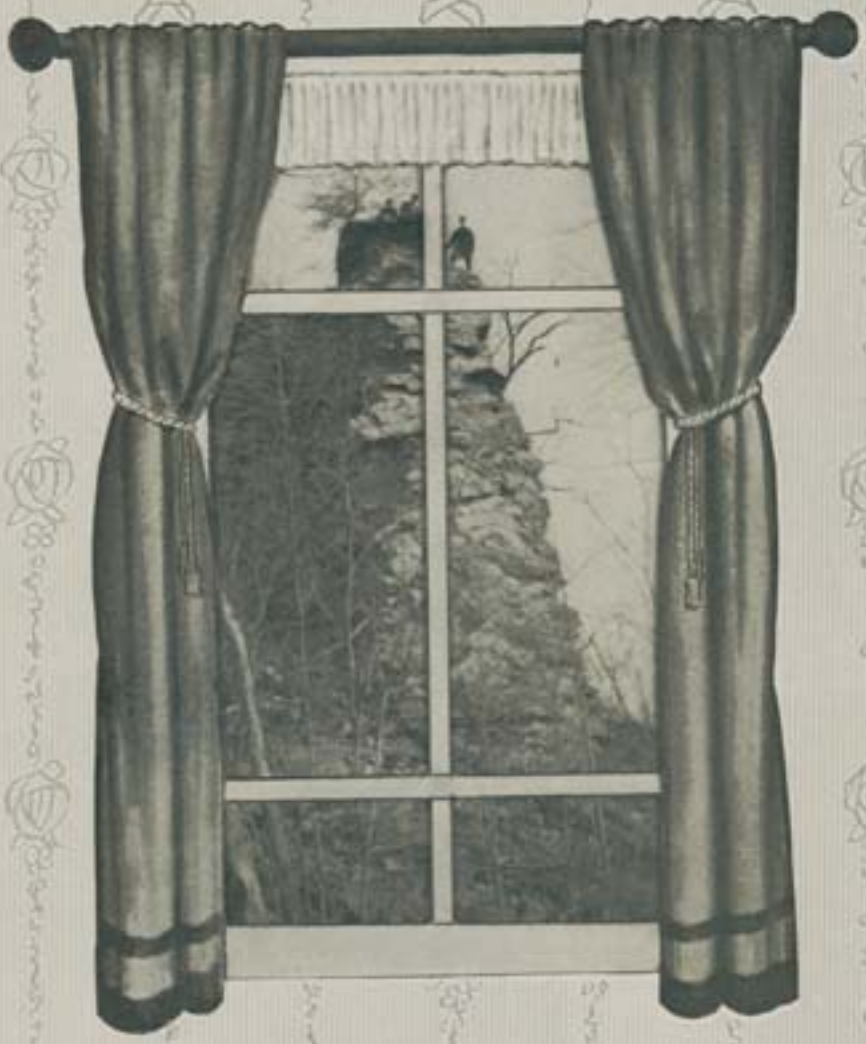
—*Henry Van Dyke.*



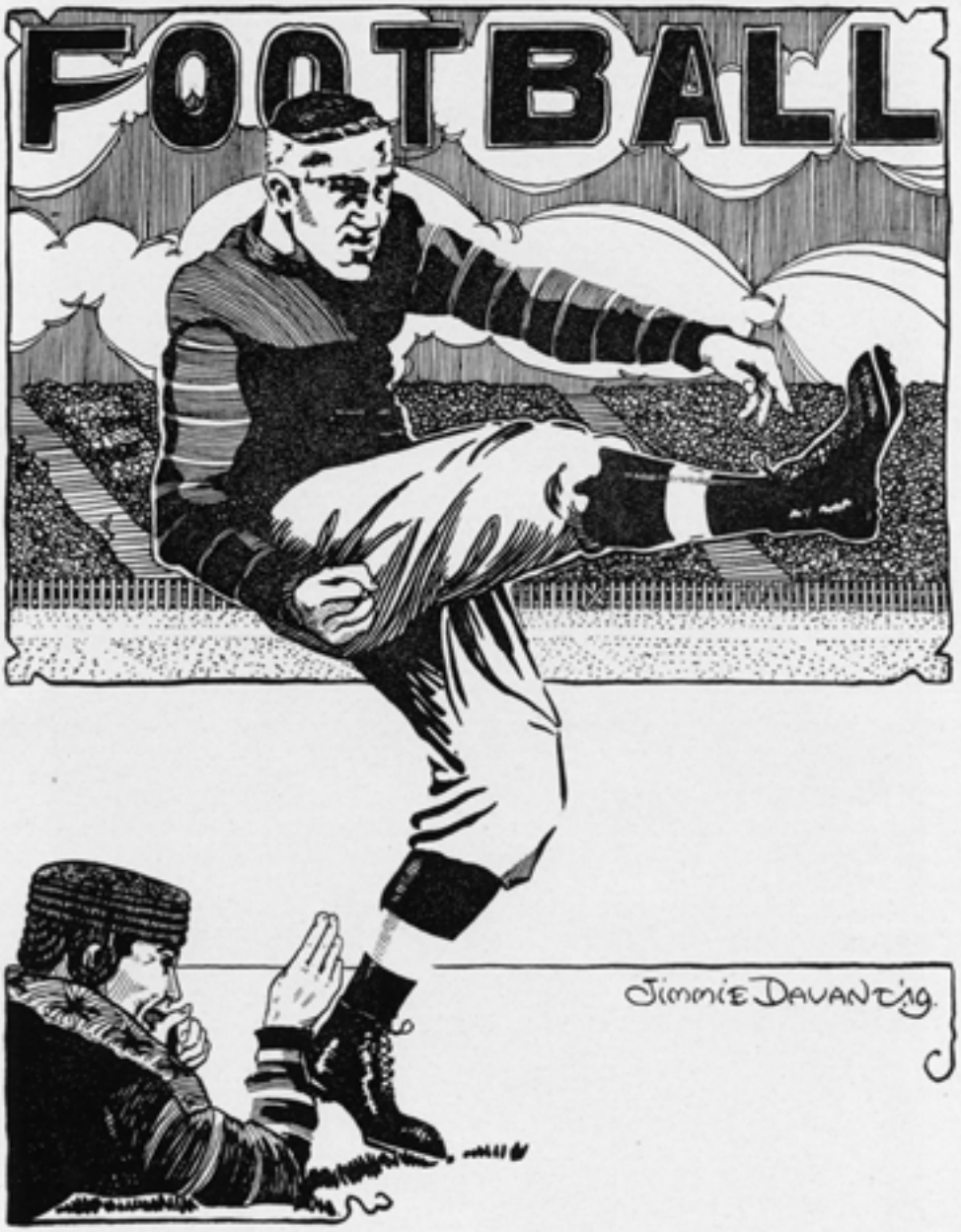
Mississippi Club

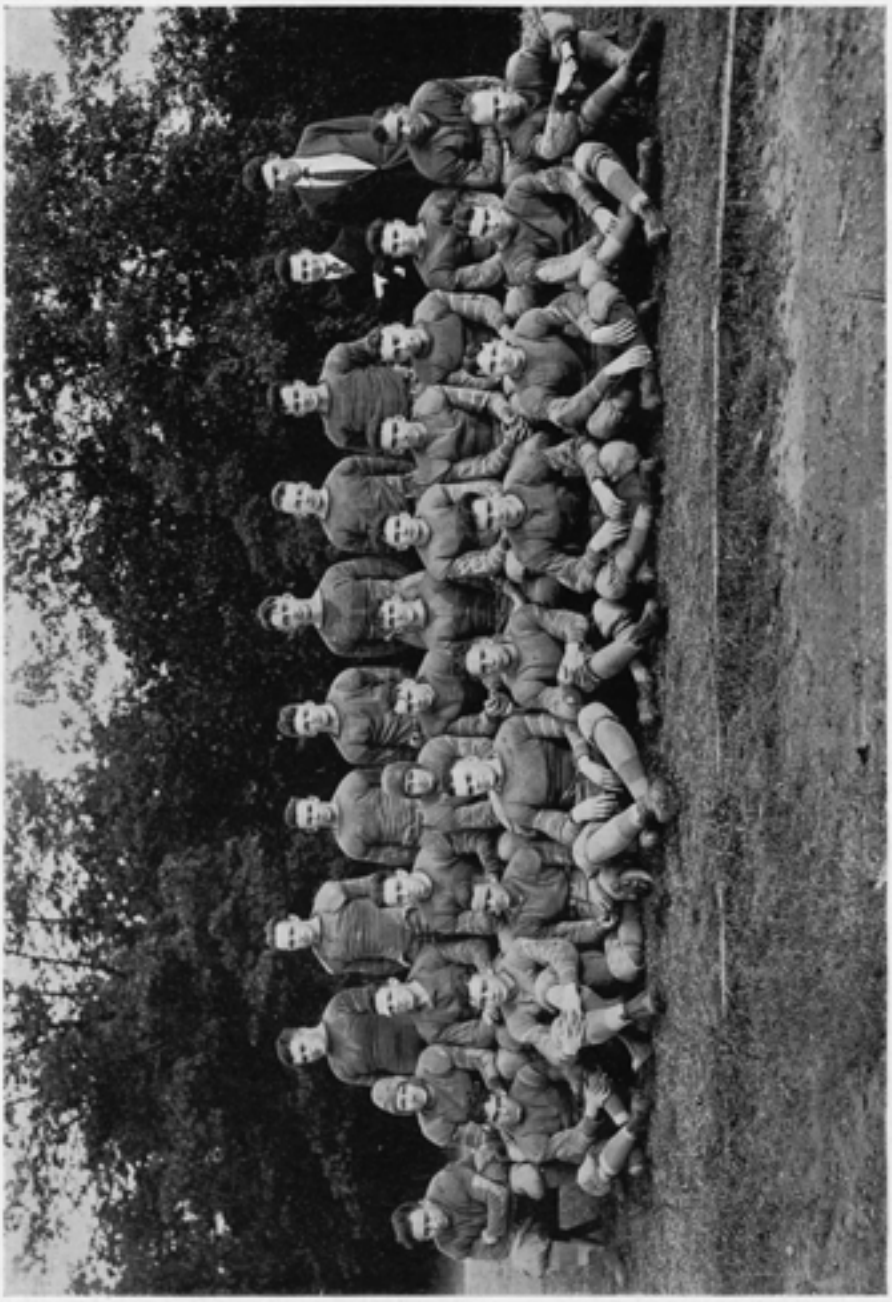
Members

Chipman	Pascagoula	McNair	Jackson
Brown, F. D.	Natchez	Cheek	Canton
Harbison	Greenville	Sturdivant	Glendora
Koch	Greenville	Wilson, W.	Flora
Payne, B. B.	Winterville	Hollingsworth	Yazoo City
Payne, M. L.	Winterville	Pope	Hernando
Payne, W.	Greenville	Anderson, A. A.	Greenville
Park, T. R.	Marigold	Luckett	Greenville
Helm, G. C.	Helm	Wilkes	Meridian
Council, H.	Greenville	Neville, G.	Meridian
Council, K.	Greenville	Phillips, R.	McComb City
Tye	Jackson	Martin	Durant



Athletics


FOOTBALL
JIMMIE DAVANT '19.



1919 Football Squad



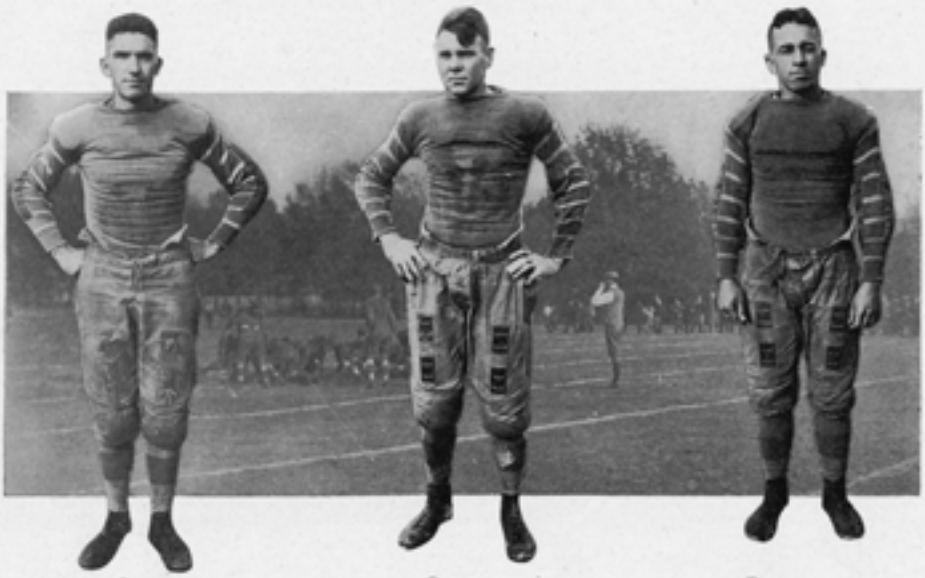
ABEL, *Coach* HARPER, *Captain* DEARBORN, *Manager*

Football, 1919

The 1919 football season was the most disastrous and yet most singularly successful one in the annals of the Purple gridiron. One week the crown of thorns was ruthlessly implanted on Sewanee's brow and the next seventh day was made glorious by the signal crown of laurel. Thus the football conduct of the Tigers fluctuated all fall until the resurrection day late in November. When that final and great moment arrived the humiliated Tiger that strode from its lair was no longer humiliated and the haughty Commodore was no longer haughty. Sewanee earned a triumph in defeat that was wonderful, that was miraculous, that was over-gratifying to the most skeptical and honorable to the defeated.

The season opened with an optimistic Purple perspective. Sewanee was thrilled with enthusiasm as the vanguard of the squad arrived on the Mountain's wooded heights. The letter men counted to the 'teens, and experts confided that this was Sewanee's day. But Sewanee's day was three months hence.

Then began the forming and reforming of the team. After two weeks of terrific training, Morgan came to slake the desire of the Purple gladiators. The men had been manoeuvering for two weeks and they longed for the zest of actual combat. The reality proved dreadful. Sewanee accosted Morgan as that team was in its flash and a 6-0 score was the total reward. The following Saturday, Howard, flushed with pride over her maiden showing against Auburn, essayed to storm the mountain buttresses. Where they failed the elements succeeded and Hardee Field was a sea of rushing waters. Resentful at itself for the lethargic exhibition of prowess against Morgan and in no wise appeased with the excuse afforded by the untimely deluge, the Tiger tore into the cocky Alabamans with a fury that dominated the storm. Sewanee interred the remains of the invader in a watery grave and erected a monument of warning. It read, Sewanee 18, Howard 0.



CLARK CONWAY BETTLE

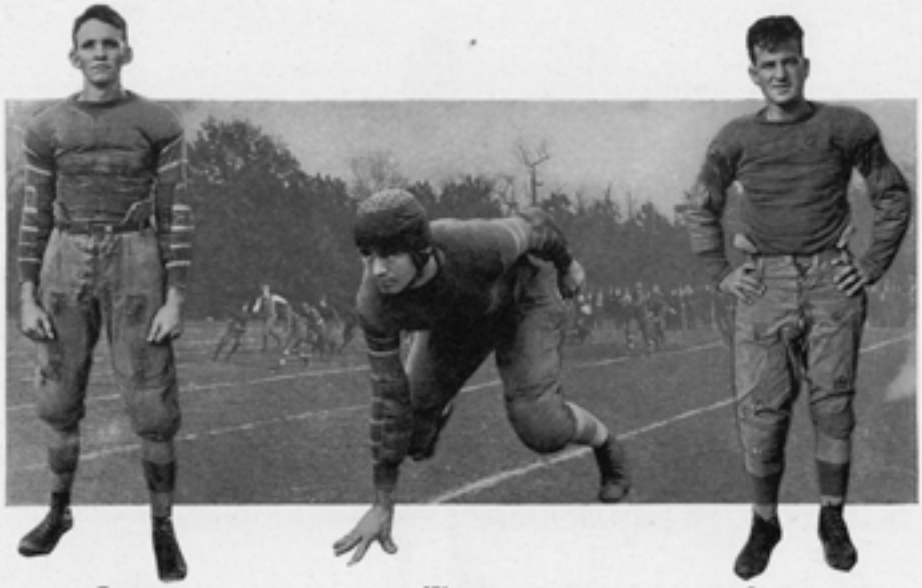
The ascending optimism of the Purple backers was a bit premature, for the following Saturday the Georgia hay-makers reaped one of those victories which leave the conquered with burning regrets. The two touchdowns registered against Sewanee were made in the first quarter. The team had not yet learned its lesson, that a game starts with the first shrill blast of the whistle.

The Tiger by this time was grimly silent. The Wildcats from Kentucky scaled the Cumberland ridge on the next Saturday and as bloody a duel as ever graced the Mountain arena ensued. But the Bluegrass feudists proved too quick on the trigger for Sewanee's cultured sons and after a thrilling conflict that electrified the spectators for an hour, the decision was given to Kentucky on a touchdown made in the first quarter. From a standpoint of merit this game was Sewanee's. The team showed that it could play football, and would have won in spite of the first quarter lapse if the dynamic drive which carried the ball down to the shadow of the goal posts had been followed up.

Inclement weather and annoying injuries to some of the men were of no assistance to the team in lifting it out of its depressed mental state, and the Sewanee aggregation that clashed with Alabama on the succeeding Saturday was a meek phantom of its real self. Alabama had reached the eagle crest of her football perfection. There was nothing thin about the "thin red line." After being battered and rammed in a frightful manner for four quarters, Sewanee's beautiful football sheet of fourteen successful years against Alabama was marred by a 40-0 splotch. The sponge of hyssop was pressed to Sewanee's parched lips.

The situation of the Tigers was now desperate. Individually the men were putting up a fine battle. What the team seemed to lack at this period was a harmonious defense and a concerted attack. Each game had its intermittent flashes of spectacular playing, but no unity of action had been developed. *Ita singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur—United we stand, divided we fall.* Thus began the reform of the team.

Urged on and encouraged all week by a madly enthused student body, the Tigers met and vanquished Oglethorpe in the most satisfying game up to that time. The old



COUGHLAN WRIGHT STONEY

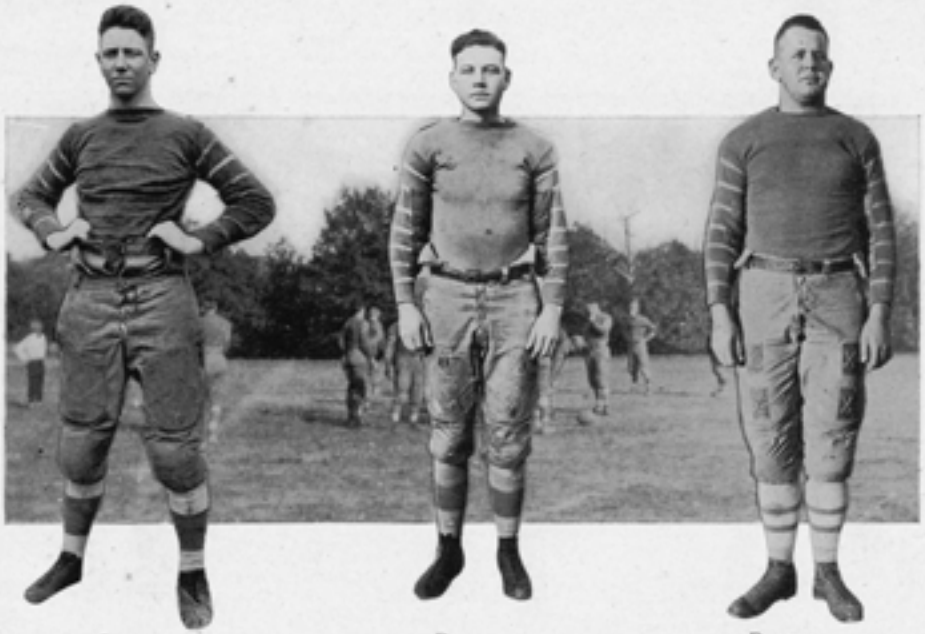
drive and spirit and that feeling of Sewanee mastery seemed to have returned to the team, and the Georgians were not only conquered but crushed. The score of 19-0 is not truly indicative of the Purple supremacy that day.

A conquest of the Lone Star State was the next objective, and although Sewanee was defeated in points, the work of the team was improving. Circumstances precluded the possibility of a victory over Rice Institute when the players were forced to dress on a train that did not arrive in Houston until four o'clock on the afternoon of the game. The Tigers managed to score once on each of the Texas elevens, while the latter are accredited with three touchdowns each. From a true critical standpoint the best work of the season was shown in Texas. The fact that the joust with Baylor came only forty-eight hours after the Rice battle was a distinct and telling handicap to our team, but the men did well, and to the tacit judge Sewanee's playing looked good.

The team had gotten together, but Vandy scoffed at the assumption of such a thing, and it remained for Sewanee to drive that fact home on Thanksgiving Day. Sewanee did, and Vanderbilt received a spinning blow which literally stupefied that eleven and all the admirers of the Lemon and Black. Thus there was inscribed another page of unpleasant retrospect in Vanderbilt football history, with Sewanee as the trenchant author.

Few witnesses are able to recall a football contest more fraught with thrills and glittering moments than this Tiger-Commodore game. As in many of the earlier engagements, Sewanee's playing was listless at the start. The Commodores were not slow to perceive this, nor were they backward in taking advantage of it. They blazed a path straight to the goal posts while the turnstiles were still ticking madly for the surging swarms of spectators.

After this touchdown the Tigers retaliated with an aerial attack which swept the astounded foe down the field to the last chalk line. Only two yards more were demanded, but the Commodore was stubborn. A smash off-tackle was halted one foot from the coveted mark. With three more downs and the distance to the goal a mere mockery, the Tigers were frantic. Thrice they hurtled their bodies at the mass of struggling fiends



SATTERLEE BRALY BROWN

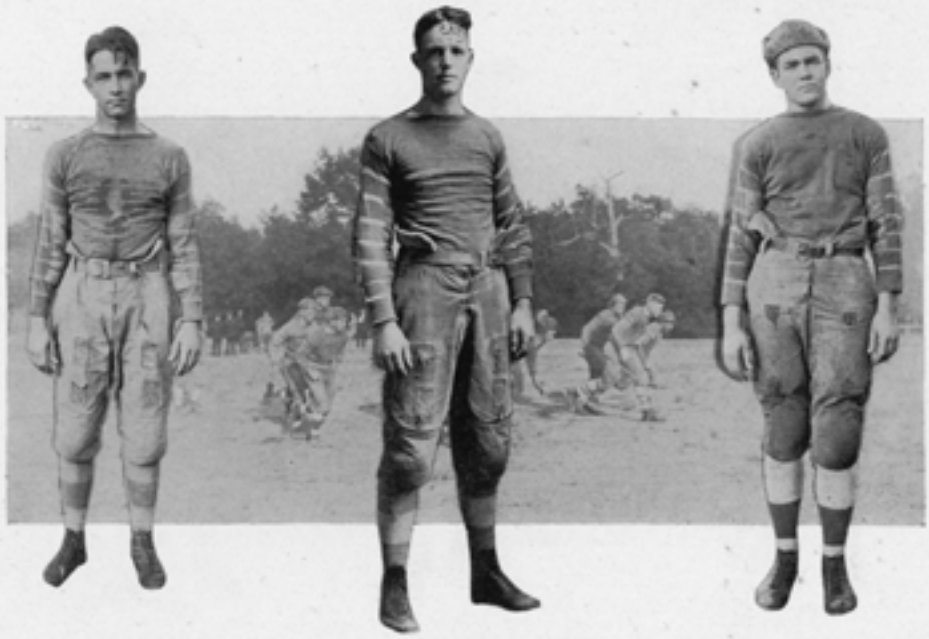
and thrice they were thrown back like seaweed on the crest of a breaking wave. This was Vandy's moment, and the Lemon and Black stands reverberated with wild cheering. The Tiger was spent. She had put forth a superhuman effort to bridge the dark abyss which had yawned menacingly, defiantly at her for three years. Only the spirit of the mountain mistress enabled her to cling tenaciously at the crumbling brink of the precipice while her body sagged perilously toward the black depths.

The situation was gloomy and the team was temporarily demoralized. Almost before the backs could straighten out against the enemy's line, the Commodores had plucked another blessing out of the clear blue sky and lodged the gift behind the goal posts for another touchdown. Intoxicated with joy over these two successes, they added another shortly after and the score read 21-0.

Was Sewanee right? The Purple and White stands shouted the answer! Eleven valiant men whose uniforms had once been purple and white must have heard, for they, too, felt that Sewanee was Right! They did not shout it with hoarse voices, but they responded to that war-cry with deeds that will live as long as the renowned name of Sewanee is ushered through the sacred lips of a majestic South.

The Lemon and Black section were satiated with the expected slaughter of the Sewanee Tiger and reclined comfortably to tabulate each brilliant thrust of the conquering gladiator. They saw brilliant thrusts, but they were those of the arising conquered. Shameful as it may seem, the Sewanee Purple stands alone as the single news sheet which dared recount that story of a revived Sewanee effort there in Nashville.

The Tigers broke loose at this juncture with a volley of passes and a series of end drives that were irresistible. The giant Commodore tacklers were rending the Purple line almost as the papers had predicted they would do. They made furious lunges, hurling their massive forms through the air at the light Tiger backs, and they hit the mud after the manner of tacklers hitting the sawdust with the sawdust dummy, but they had no



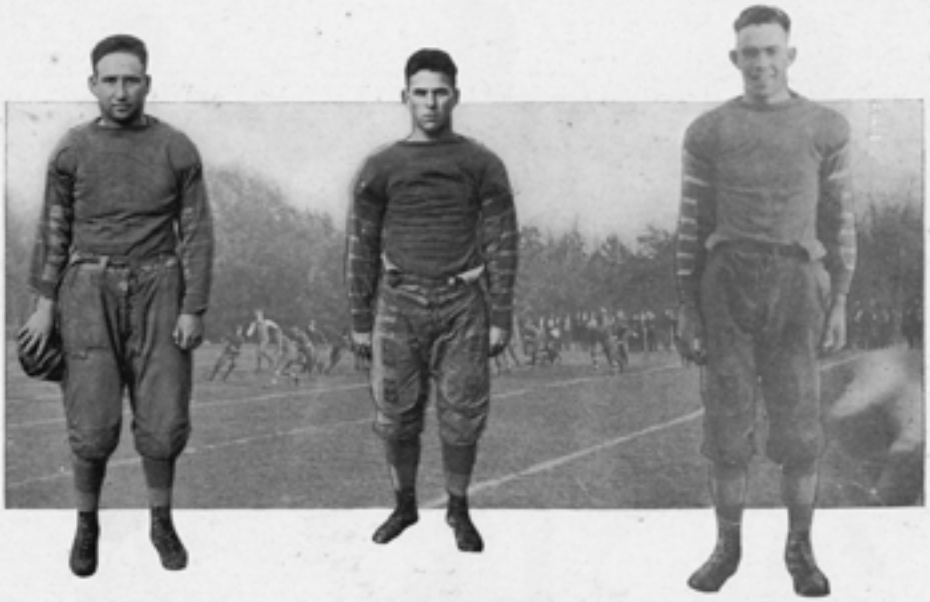
GUERRY WERNER SKIDMORE

dummies to share their earthly lot that afternoon. Something stayed their ferocious charge on the line of scrimmage. The Tigers had solved the mechanical rush of these gridiron Merrimacs, and with every play were treading on the enemy's ground. This time there was no loitering under the goal posts, nor was time allowed for demoralization of the foe, for this was Sewanee's time. The goal was kicked, and the score at the end of the half stood 21-7.

The next session aggravated Vanderbilt's fright when Sewanee scored another touchdown before the sabres had hardly been crossed. The Tigers were exhibiting a beautiful style of elevated play, with occasional quick shoots off-tackle and races around end. The contest had been transformed into as fair a demonstration of football in all its phases as the most exacting observer could ask. The Commodores were distinctly alarmed over the sudden twist of the battle and showed a revival which was rewarded with another touchdown.

Unfaltering in the face of this lead, Sewanee again seized the ball and started marching, aviating, on down the field. The generalship, timing, and skill in engineering the air attack was wonderful and the Commodore resistance was again wavering. An oft-felt but unsolved spirit—the Sewanee Spirit—was making itself heard and felt but was still baffling analysis on Dudley Field that day. For the third time a Sewanee football player marched out twenty yards from a pair of goal posts sheltering eleven lowering Commodores.

The shadows of the nearing winter were slowly mantling over Dudley Field. Vanderbilt, by a tremendous effort, had saved her name from further stigma by acquiring one more touchdown as the game was ending. The Sewanee Tigers had undone and done a season's work that afternoon. Exhausted from their own personal assault, wearied from their dogged defense, the Sewanee eleven that was lifted from the mire of the gridiron by strong-armed admirers, that was uplifted in spirit by the mingled laudations



COOPER COUNCIL EVANS

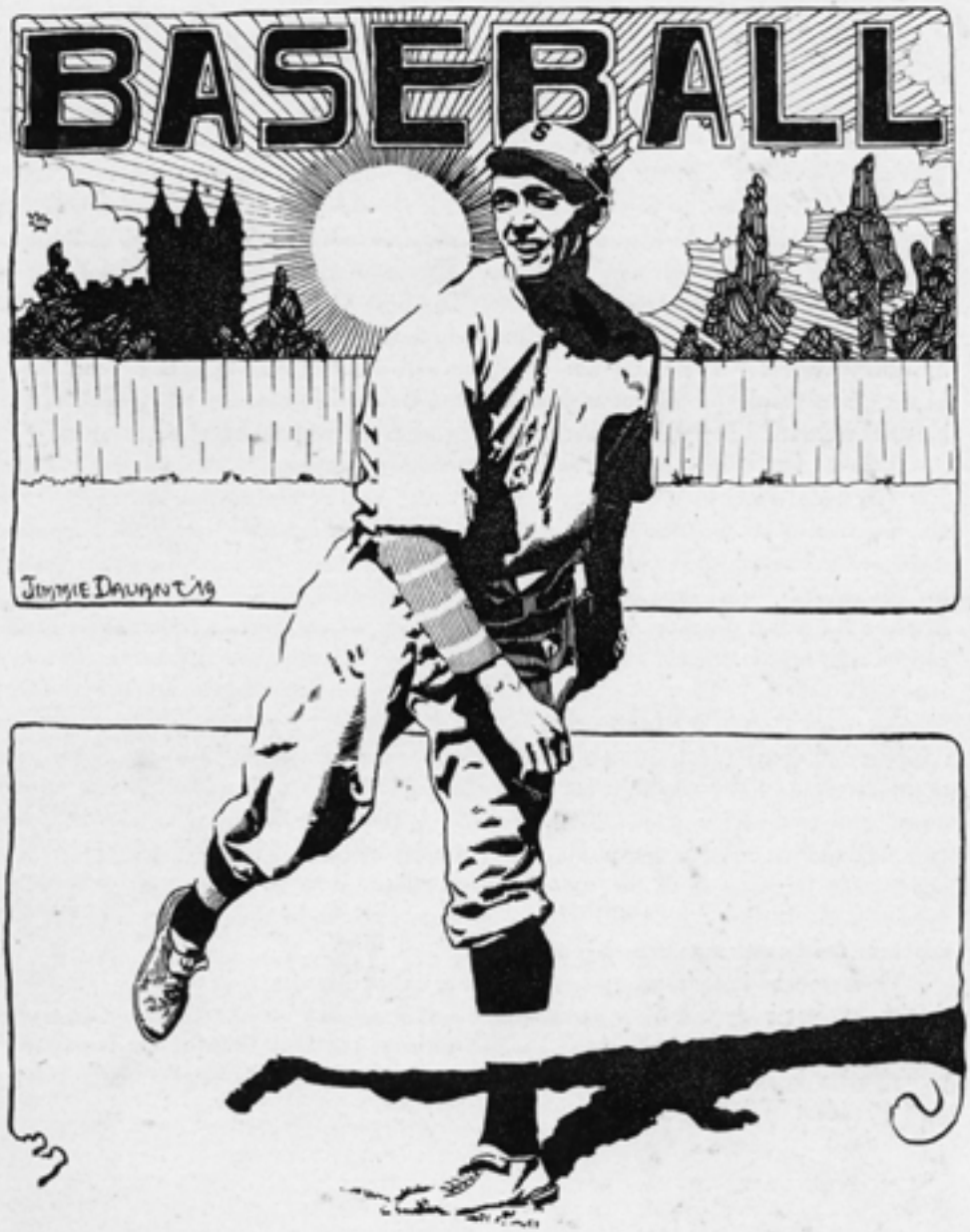
of friend and foe, little realized till then its true share of the victory, not the physical, material victory, but a moral and spiritual triumph which defied the winners and mocked their attempts to rejoice.

Out at Dudley Field all was quiet. Little snatches of Sewanee revelry would occasionally drift through the silence; now a dirge to some one, now a college chant. A deep mountainous haze lay heavily on the old battle-ground. A street light flickered brightly and penetrated in a long white streamer the strange coverlet over Dudley Field. It was a Purple haze.

* * * * * * * * *

There remains but the mention of the individual players. In the backfield Captain Harper at left half proved himself a capable leader and a brilliant plyer. At the other half was Coughlan, defiant and reckless. Clark at quarter was a master-hand with the pass and directed coolly and wisely. Guerry's versatility made him an asset, both at full and in the line. Wright at full shocked many opposing lines with his fierce onslaught. Council at half has wonderful possibilities. In the line was Bettle at center—aggressive, steady and brainy. Stoney at right guard was a hard worker and a mean opponent to cope with. On the left side Satterlee asked no quarter and gave none. Braly made left tackle impregnable, while Skidmore and Cooper gave their opponents a desperate duel. Werner was active and eager. Brown did marvelous work at tackle for three weeks and his loss was a severe one. At right end Conway did superb work all year; this is noted in Cody's record. Evans, a freshman, was a natural player and a dangerous flankman.




BASEBALL
JIMMIE DAUGHTRY '19

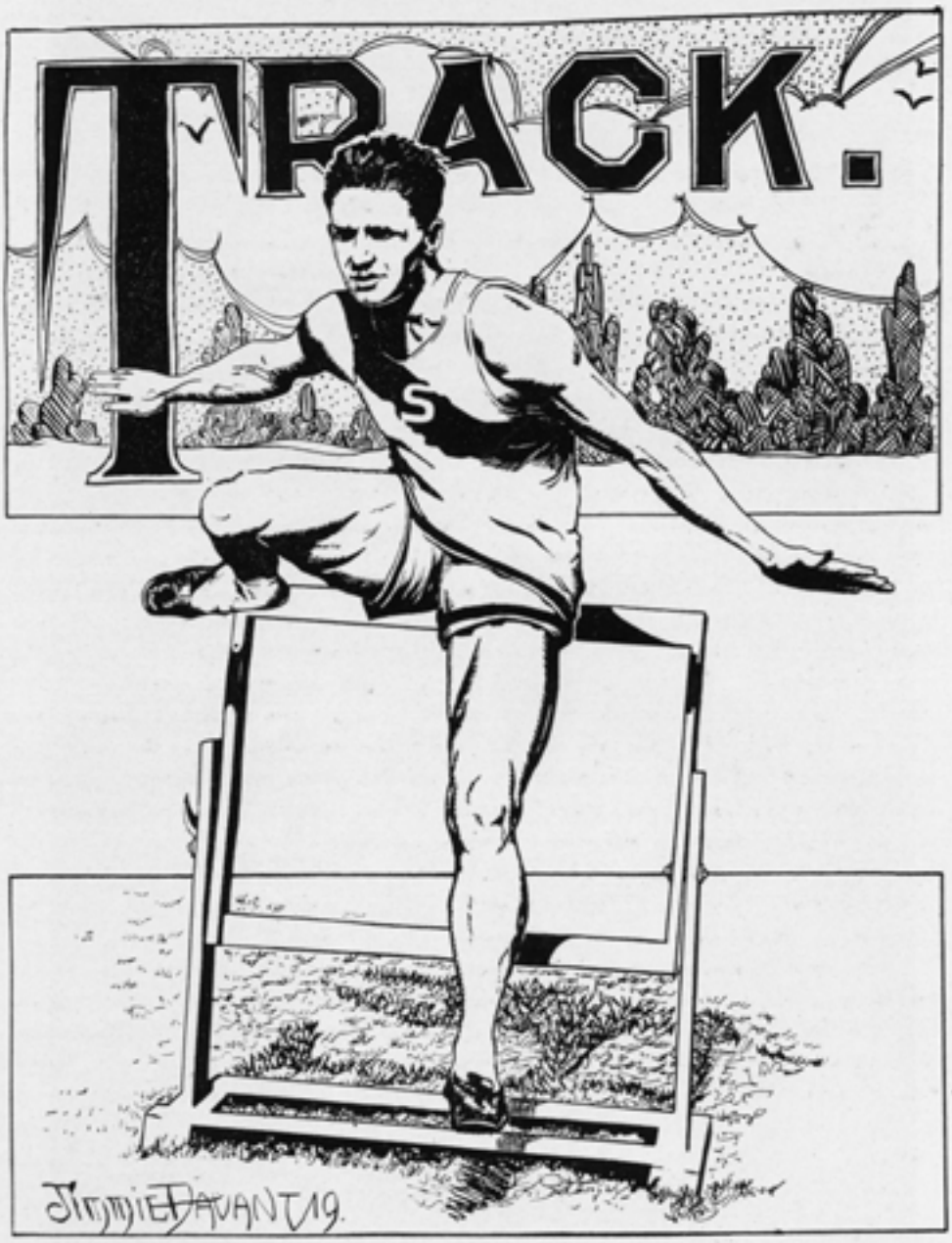
Baseball

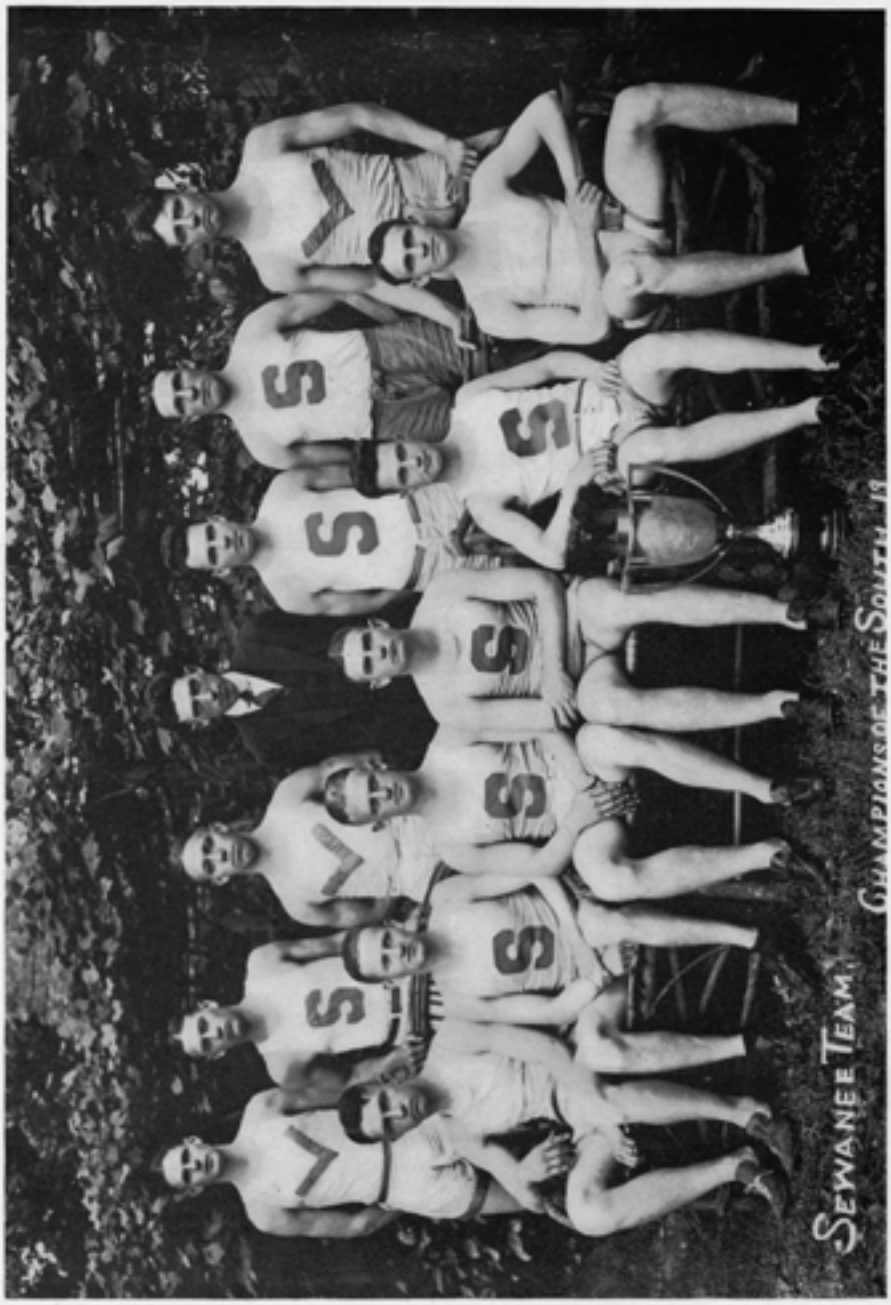
IN the case of a small college with such an enviable record of athletic prowess as Sewanee has made, it is only just that the year-book should contain the explanation of the non-existence of a varsity baseball team.

The last time we sent out a team to represent us in the national sport was in the spring of 1918. The boys went out against experienced and well-trained nines, whereas they themselves were hampered by insufficient practice, due to inclement weather. The result was disastrous and we only care to allude to the scores of the games for the purpose of maintaining that the defeats were not due to lack of real baseball material. In 1919 we had no varsity nine, nor will we have one in 1920.

Sewanee has excellent grounds for not seriously indulging in the national pastime. For one thing, baseball is primarily a professional, rather than an amateur sport. But the real reasons are practical. The weather conditions in Sewanee during the spring are such—cold, blustery days, with frequent rains—that a team can hardly practice enough to "get together," that most essential factor in almost every sport. Neither have we any fit place for indoor practice. Consequently, any nine we put forth is bound to be handicapped with nearly all other nines in the South. Then again, as was said before, Sewanee is a small college. We showed in 1919 that we could, nevertheless, produce a championship track team. We believe that we can do it again. But suppose a baseball team is allowed to divert (as it certainly would) some of our star athletes from the cinder path to the diamond? We would be sacrificing the possibility of a championship team in one major sport to the hope of two teams, mediocre at best. At that price we could support two major sports simultaneously, but it has seemed wisest and best to cling to our only opportunity for figuring in the spring championships, even at the cost of abandoning varsity baseball. May the 1920 track team, once more under the supervision of the best coach in the South, sustain us in our decision.

There will be inter-fraternity baseball teams on the Mountain, in which it is expected that the student body will show much interest. It is not lack of enthusiasm for the game, but "the fell clutch of circumstance" which prevents the University of the South from participating intercollegiately in the sport that made Christy Mathewson more famous than President Wilson.


TRACK.
JimmieDAVANT19.


SEWANEE TEAM
CHAMPIONS OF THE SOUTH '19

Track, 1919

"We're going to win the track championship of the South this year, Coacher!"

"Poss" Hirsig, formerly of Sewanee, was giving Coach Nicholson a little early-season dope.

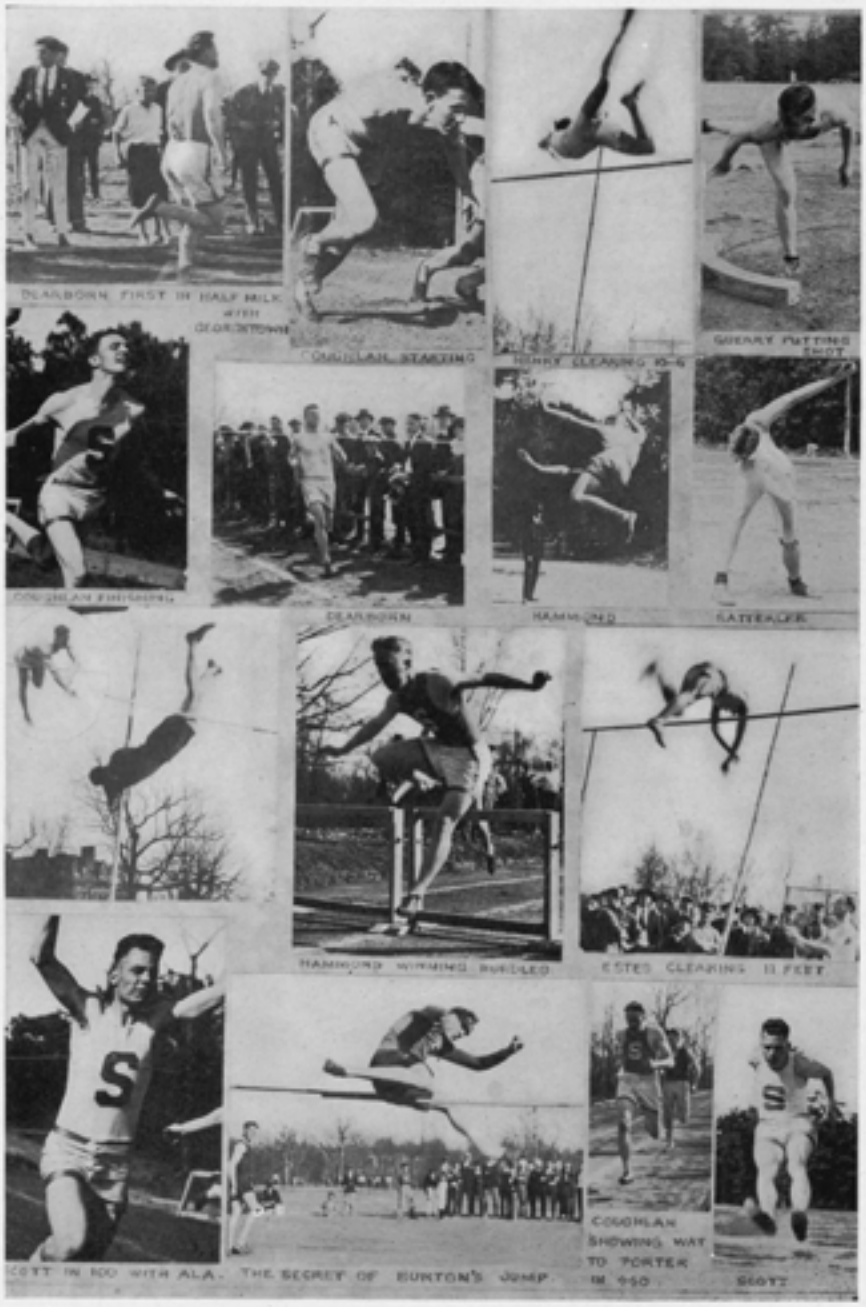
"Go on away," said the coach, "I haven't got time to fool with you."

But the remark stuck in the coach's mind (aided by Poss Hirsig's daily repetition of it) and by the time the meet with Alabama was about to come off, "Nick" began to think that the fat boy might be right. At any rate, Alabama found out that *Sewanee* was "right," for we came through the meet a winner by the score of 65 to 31. The score could have been even more lop-sided if Nick had not taken pity on Alabama's hard-working coach. You see, Nick himself has had experience in giving his best for a green team, and he remembered it. Suffice it to say that Sewanee brought out nice sprinters in Coughlan and Scott, excellent quarter-milers in Dearborn and Coughlan, promising weight wafters in Guerry, Satterlee, and Bancker, a very good high jumper in Burton, to say nothing of two capable vaulters in Estes and Henry.

Georgia Tech came to the Mountain next, for a dual meet, bringing very much confidence and very bad weather along with them. We had been beaten by the Golden Tornado in dual meets for two straight years, but were determined to make this a duel to the death. From the beginning, the Tornado swept along in its true cyclonic form, bowling over dope as it went. Coughlan was beaten by Captain Holst in the hundred. Dearborn ran himself out in the half, and we were saved from being white-washed in this event only by the game running of Woolwine, who took second. But Burton came through with a tie in the high jump at 5 feet, 9 inches, and then Coughlan turned the tables on Holst, trimming him well in the 220. In spite of the blizzard, Guerry registered a win in the shot put, and we still hoped. Captain Hammond won the high hurdles, and Bancker took second in the discus. Tech swore she had two wonderful quarter-milers. We said, "We'll see about *that*," but silently entered up eight points for Tech in the mile, which she got. "Only fine work in the pole vault can save us," we thought. Up to this time we had counted on eight points in the vault. Our coach was almost beside himself when he was told that our vaulters, swinging into the face of a



CAPTAIN HAMMOND


DEARBORN, FIRST IN HALF MILE
WITH
GEORGETOWN
COUGHLAN, STARTING
HENRY CLEARING 10-6
GUERRY PUTTING
SHOT
COUGHLAN FINISHING
DEARBORN
HAMMOND
SATTERLEE
HAMMOND WINNING HURDLES
ESTES CLEARING 11 FEET
SCOTT IN 100 WITH ALA.
THE SECRET OF BURTON'S JUMP
COUGHLAN
SHOWING WAY
TO PORTER
IN 440
SCOTT



SATTERLEE COUGHLAN GUERRY

snow-storm, had apparently contracted brain-storm, only nailing second place. Tech looked like the winner right there. It meant that we had to take first and second in the quarter against her cracks, and then take first in the two remaining events, the broad jump and the low hurdles. It was up to Coughlan, Dearborn, Hammond, and Sewanee Spirit. Fighting from behind! Tradition will tell you that that is the Purple's oldest and best game, so you will not be surprised to note that when the squad retired to the gym, Tech had "gone down" in a dual meet for the first time in aeons. And some remarkable times and distances were chalked up, if the weather conditions are taken into consideration.

Then came the Georgia Tech Intercollegiate in Atlanta. Thirteen colleges were entered, with 150 athletes. Tech said that her dual meet reverse was only a fluke and that they would show us something on their own field. Vanderbilt, Mississippi A. and M., Auburn, Clemson, and all the others which amounted to anything, were there. We had no entries in the first event (the hundred-yard dash), for Scott's torn ligament had not mended, and Coughlan had a hard day's work in front of him without the hundred. Tech got her lead early by taking places in the hundred and winning the half. But Dearborn started the ball rolling in the half-mile by taking second in a hard race from a bad position. From then on the announcer got tired of mentioning the name of Sewanee among the point-scorers, for we were there in everything except the hundred and the mile. The final score stood, Sewanee 42, Tech 29½, Miss. A. and M. 17, Vanderbilt 13, and so forth.

The point-scorers were: Hammond 15, with fine firsts in both high and low hurdles, and first in the broad jump; Coughlin, with firsts in the 220 and 440 after remarkable races in excellent time; Dearborn, with second in the half-mile; Harper, with fourth in the low hurdles, after disqualifying himself for third in the highs; Estes, with a tie for first in the pole vault; Burton, with second in the high jump and fourth in the shot put; Satterlee, with third in the discus; and Guerry, with second in the shot put, after a hard tussle with Rigdon, the Georgia giant.

The following Saturday saw Vanderbilt in a dual meet with us on the Mountain. It wasn't even



BURTON HARPER HENRY

interesting. They won only the discus, mile, and relay race, and finished on the short end of a 68 to 33 score; so we wiped out our defeat, which was almost as bad, of the previous year. Our boys who had been on that defeated team had the grim satisfaction of trimming a few of Vandy's men who showed them their heels in 1918, and in addition we had the pleasure of placing in the mile for the first and last time that season, when Woolwine took second.

The following Saturday found us competing in the S. I. A. A. meet in Nashville, with the coach fearful for the slump due after four hard meets. The slump did not come, and Sewanee won with 53 points—Vanderbilt, Ole Miss, and Georgetown of Kentucky taking the other 55 points. In this meet Dearborn and Coughlan ran two of the kind of races Frank Merriwell tells about. Standing up under terrific punishment, Coughlan took the quarter-mile and Dearborn the half-mile. And Tommy Harper ran some race in the high hurdles. The others came through as expected.

With the title safely tucked away, the coach sat down in comfort to watch Vandy and Georgetown fight it out in the relay, when the bulk of Poss Hirsig, deposited beside him, rocked the bench.

"Well, Coacher," said the irrepressible fat boy, with his usual wink, "what do you think about your little *ee*-lucidator now? Didn't I tell you we would cop that title?"

The contented coach laughed.

"I'll have to hand it to you," he said. "You sure had the right dope for once in your life!"

That was the end of Sewanee's most glorious track season, for which we must not fail to give due credit to the gamest bunch of boys and the best coach in the South.

Many amusing incidents occurred during the season—too many to record them all here, but they will be kept alive in the bull sessions for years to come. The day of the Vanderbilt dual meet, after the winning of it was put behind us, Coach Nick told Dearborn and Coughlan that, if they would promise not to strain themselves, he was going to run them in the relay. Our first two runners, in



SCOTT DEARBORN, *Capt.* '20 ESTES

spite of their gameness, were hopelessly outclassed, and Coughlan was touched off with a terrific handicap to cut down. He tore out like a house afire and the further he went the smaller Vanderbilt's lead became. Nick was almost frantic, and rushing toward the oncoming Coughlan, he shouted, waving his hands like a flagman, "Slow down! SLOW DOWN!" With a grin, Coughlan answered, "Hell, I ain't runnin', coach!"

When Dearborn got away, the Vanderbilt finish man was nearly half way 'round the last quarter. Johnny cut loose as if he was running the hundred—one couldn't have wished to see a prettier bit of sprinting. You could see that he was out to either kill himself, or do a miracle and win, but the coach ran out in the middle of the track and stopped him. There was still the S. I. A. A. meet to be thought about, you understand.

One day, in practice out on the track, Coughlan had somehow displeased the coach, and the latter was heard to remark, "If you didn't belong to the tribe of Finn McCool, I'd be tempted to come to you with my two hands."

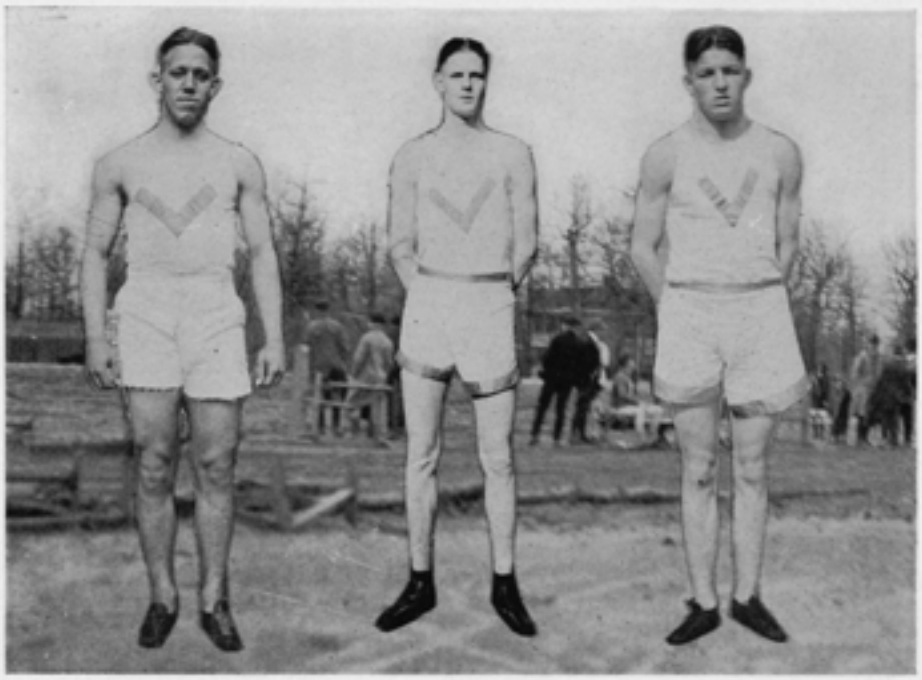
Probably the most amusing event of the season was the novice mile relay in which the Drennen twins starred so conspicuously for the A. T. O. S. Men whom no one dreamed could even run once around the track made remarkable times. Bill Vaughan took the hard malted milks away from Hortense Aves in a sensational Exhibition Half-Mile.

But anecdote let loose would swamp the annual, so we refer you to the appended track records of this University, in order that you may convince yourself of what excellent material the personnel of our great track team of 1919 was composed.

Coach Nicholson is a great coach, not simply because he developed two Southern champion teams, but because he has revived track sport in the South.



COACH NICHOLSON



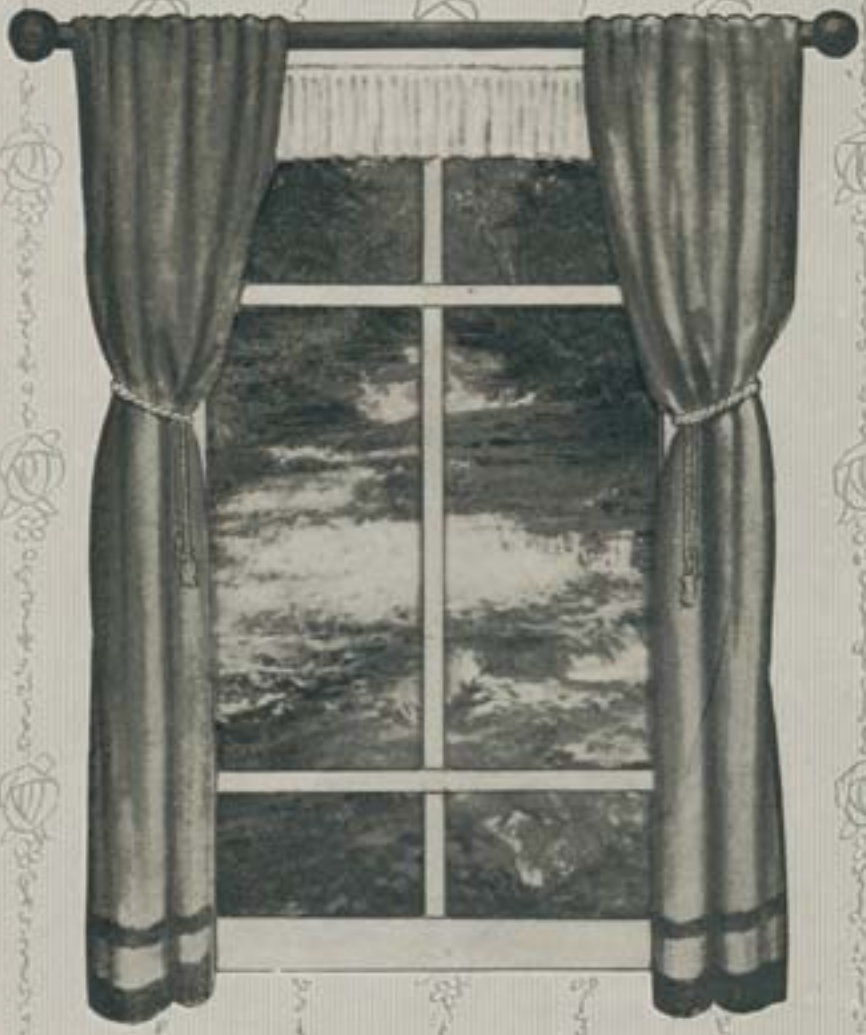
BANCKER WOOLWINE PAYNE

Track Records of the University of the South

Event	*Holder*	*Time or Distance*
100 Yards	JACK SELDEN, 1900	10 1-5 seconds
220 Yards	WM. COUGHLAN, 1919	22 4-5 seconds
440 Yards	WM. COUGHLAN, 1919	52 2-5 seconds
880 Yards	J. G. DEARBORN, 1919	2:06
Mile Run	NED HARRIS, 1916	4:46
High Hurdles	CHAS. HAMMOND, 1919	16 seconds
Low Hurdles	CHAS. HAMMOND, 1919	26 seconds
High Jump	WYNNE PEARCE, 1917	5 feet, 9 3-4 in.
Broad Jump	CHAS. HAMMOND, 1919	21 feet, 5 inches
Pole Vault	L. ESTES and P. HENRY, 1919	10 feet, 10 inches
Discus Throw	C. SATTERLEE, 1919	106 feet
Shot Put	L. GUERRY, 1919	40 feet, 8 1-2 inches
Hammer Throw	ELAM, 1917	120 feet, 9 inches

1919 TRACK MEETS AND RESULTS

At Sewanee, Dual Meet	Sewanee 65, Alabama 31
At Sewanee, Dual Meet	Sewanee 49, Georgia Tech. 47
At Atlanta, Georgia Tech. Invitation Meet	Sewanee 42, Georgia Tech. 29½, Mississippi A. and M. 17, Vanderbilt 13, etc.
At Sewanee, Dual Meet	Sewanee 68, Vanderbilt 32
At Nashville, S. I. A. A. Meet	Sewanee 53, Vanderbilt 25, etc.



Literary

Home Again

(To the 37th Division)

The dreamy rain comes down,
And cotton's in the grass:
The farmers all complain—
But I watch armies pass.

The ones that did not come
From Ivoiry again
Are marching down the road
And whistling in the rain.

The forty-two I saw
In Olsene, prone and pale,
With packs and helmets on,
Pass by me, young and hale

I hear their laughter plain—
Some blasphemous quaint jest
That quickens up their step
More than an hour's rest.

They talk of Montfaucon,
Of Thielt and Cruyshautem:
My cotton rows it seems
Are turnip fields to them.

It's hard to stay indoors
With soldiers marching by,
For those that hiked and fought
It's hard until they die.

Dim Flanders rain comes down
And cotton's in the grass;
But I watch wistfully
Gay phantom armies pass.

William Alexander Percy,
Greenville, Miss.

Mate in Four Moves

By George Herbert Clarke

I.

"It were better my mother had not borne me."—*Hamlet*, Act III, Scene I.

Feeble, intermittent screams struck on the woman's already irritated ear, and the child smote punily with one cold red hand upon the breast he clutched at with the other. Outside, defiled snow, gray driving clouds, chill-burning gas-lamps. Inside, a wretched, fireless room, with ragging wall-paper of obliterated design, unplaned floor, a low pallet of rags and remnants, a rude chair, a much-scratched table, and on the wall a vivid calendar advertising beer and beauty. Outside—melancholy pedestrians, jerkily-dragged sleighs, quarrelsome curs. Inside—a pair of human animals, a mother and her babe. Outside and in—gusts of wind that caused wayfarers to adjust impatiently sundry wraps and fastenings, and the woman to shake the child free of her that she might reach shiveringly for more of the protective, if tattered, coverings in which to huddle herself and her now loudly lamenting son.

II.

"The element of staleness in all the freshness and of freshness in all the staleness, of innocence in the guilt, and of guilt in the innocence."—Henry James: *The Golden Bowl.*

"Now, as to this next case, gentlemen, though I must confess—ah—to a personal liking for the boy, I am much perplexed as to our present duty toward him and the school. You all know, of course, that he was born in degradation, that an unusual incident—a rather striking fortune, I may say—brought him to the attention of Mrs. Dunlap, and that his alert, intelligent manner won from her—ah—a care that has had so far more occasion for patience than for pride.

"He has been among us here, at her request and expense, for nearly eight months. We have treated him, for both his own and his patron's sake, with what seems to me to be more—ah—than ordinary consideration. He has been talked with, by some of you, I know, in a spirit of personal trust and good-will; his bent for athletics has been encouraged, his distaste for study in some measure condoned; he has been disciplined fairly but not severely for his schoolboy peccadillos. For two serious offenses against our laws—an apparent indifference to the need of independent work, and repeated visits to Kuntz's dive—he is now to appear before us. He confesses to neither of these—indeed—ah—remains strangely noncommittal, though not, I should judge, in reality unconcerned. The evidence is strongly against him. I fear that he must go."

The Principal closed his lips with slow emphasis. For a moment the Faculty sat in silence which no one cared to break. The boy had been dear to some of them. Then a young, dark-featured instructor, tilting back his chair and thrusting his hands into his pockets, spoke out impulsively, echoing the Principal's last words.

"Well, I suppose he *must* go. But it's a shame, somehow. That boy's got good stuff in him, though it's hard to believe it sometimes. I'm surprised at this wretched business that comes up now and shocked, too, of course. But I wish there were a way out."

Not a few sympathetic glances went towards the speaker. Other faces remained impassive. One or two looked even stony.

"Are you ready to hear him, gentlemen?" asked the Principal, and, upon tacit or murmured assent, ordered the youth's admission.

He entered, a rarely attractive bit of Nature's miscellany—entered among friends he had persistently deemed his foes, with his head erect and his arms crossed behind him, and halted a few paces from the door.

"Have a seat, my boy," said the Principal kindly, and a little pompously. "The Faculty have consented—indeed—ah—they earnestly desire—to hear what you may have to say for yourself in reply to the charges brought against you, and concerning which you and I have already conversed. You must

understand that unless your character can be satisfactorily cleared of these charges, you will be called upon to withdraw. What you say or do not say will, of course, leave its due impression upon the minds of all of us. Are you ready to meet the situation and explain, if you can, the nature—ah—and extent of your personal culpability?"

The boy had seated himself meanwhile, looking the Principal in the eyes. Now he spoke:

"I have nothing to say, sir."

"Consider," replied the Principal; "it is our invariable rule to afford a hearing to any student among us accused of a serious breach of order or of honor. Do you not owe it to your patron, Mrs. Dunlap, to your friends here in the school, and perhaps—ah—chiefly to yourself and to your own future, to speak out at this moment in a manly way?"

The boy's face paled a trifle, but suffered no other change. Its expression appeared respectful, even attentive, but stolid. He repeated, though in a lower tone:

"I have nothing to say, sir."

"Does any member of the faculty wish to ask him a question?" said the Principal, peering upon his colleagues through his large gold-rimmed spectacles, with a sort of grieving hesitancy.

"Pardon me, sir, but it would be useless. I can answer no one. I have nothing to say."

Thus finally the youth, with hints of hardness now about the lines of mouth and eyes. At a curt nod from the Principal he arose and left the room.

III.

"And 'Come, thou poor mistaken knight,'
Cried Love, unarmed, yet dauntless there,
'Come on, God pity thee!'"
—Sidney Lanier: *The Tournament.*

That his companion's face was flushed and his gait uncertain only aggravated his own outwardly unexpressed sense of disgust and detestation. Environed by evil, he had seemed to find it every day more useless to do other than he did,—overtop the set limits of reckless living (for there *is* an etiquette of vice), prove to his mates that he was bigger and bolder than were they, and having with pain and passion secured their grudging awe, to fling it bitterly back upon them. God! that I who might have led an army, have governed a nation, am doomed to rot away in the crowd of the dissolute, to be among them as one who is no more himself than the gaunt, distorted shadow is in verity the confident, prosperous man!

But a physical shock broke his thought and on a sudden deepened the features of that doom he had been so angrily denying, yet accepting. His fellow had managed to draw away from his relaxed control, and had crossed the street to leer at a frightened shopgirl, who was for retreating without parley until clutched coarsely by the upper arm. She was screaming now, and the inevitable crowd stood quizzically by. Two blocks away had been another sort of public opinion. Drunken Macartney was demanding a kiss of forgiveness, and the impartial jeers of the curbsters seemed to excite him to play up to the situation. The street was a narrow one, and the shock Macartney's escort had felt was that of the passing impact upon him of one or two among the eager, running mob-makers.

He came back to place and shame. In a quarter of a minute he had leapt through the crowd, striking out with heedless power, had reached the struggling pair, had swung down low before Macartney and had driven home a frontal blow. The sodden brute, saved only by his excitement from instant collapse, was translated in a moment into a furious, raging man-slayer. Dropping the girl and reaching for a stone, he hurled it savagely and with fearful force at the head of his antagonist. The other dodged in time, and his face turned strangely pale. Then he drew a revolver and fired four times, very steadily, at Macartney.

IV.

"For I knew I must die (and why not?), even though you had not proclaimed it, and if I die before my day I account it gain; for whosoever lives like me in many sorrows, how does he not by death obtain advantage?"—Sophocles: *Antigone.*

Beneath and about—the works of hands—a concrete floor; severe prison buildings of monotonous limestone; walls of slow masonry, with spiked tops and abutting guard-towers; and the wooden gallows, flimsy, special and momentary, whose meaning, though terrible enough, somehow seems less sinister—perhaps because of its raw newness—than the gloom of the iron bars and heavy stones that utter their anathema against the hypocrisy of virtue and the impertinence of hope.

Above—a work not of hands—the sky.

A group of persons gathering in the yard, subdued of mood, given to long silences and shifting uneasiness. Its members rather avoid looking at the gallows, save in a sacred, furtive manner, and when one catches the eye of his fellow gazing thither each shows palpable embarrassment. Insensibly the group enlarges itself, and again, as the minutes pass, and again, until it becomes a small-sized crowd. Now and then a watch is pulled out and consulted, sometimes twice in a few moments by one man; a hat is lifted and a moist brow wiped, though the sun as yet has hardly risen; some slightly apart speak in low tones, and seem to be taking notes, now anxiously and now obliviously. Bodies suddenly start and heads are half-turned to look. . . . It is a small, dark door opening in the prison-house nearest the scene. Slowly it swings forward and four men come out, bearing a black, oblong box. The door is drawn to behind them, and they proceed towards the gallows steadily and without looking at the sixty or more who are so earnestly regarding them. Their footfalls, though light, can be heard distinctly. Their march, though short, seems to occupy an eternity. Arrived, they place their burden upon the ground beside the wooden platform, and turn, and, silently as they came, retire. As they reach the door again, it opens heavily and mechanically, and so closes.

Over in the shadow of the wall a repressed commotion. A sturdy, hearty-looking man has fainted. "Undo his collar!" . . . "Take him away!" . . . "Hush!"

In the midst of this mild excitement—though few beside the alert scribblers see it—the dark, metal-studded door is opened a second time. It is six minutes after five. The pencils enter the fact in the note-books. And this time five men come out and the door is closed.

One walks in front, against whose dull serge gown a silver cross is gleaming coldly. He holds fast a little leather-bound book. His head is bowed, his eyes half-closed, his mouth mutters strange words.

Behind him three nearly abreast, save for the central figure, who keeps slightly but perceptibly in advance. He wears a gray tweed suit, a black necktie, no collar and no hat. A dreadful pallor is on his face; its skin looks drawn and sere as parchment; but his head is not bowed and his fixed eyes are wide open. His companions wear blue uniforms and the visored caps of guards. They walk regularly. Their faces seem expressionless.

Last comes a man whose calling it is to gauge the bodies of prisoners as the chaplain their souls. He, like the guards, looks neutral, almost indifferent. His right hand is on his watch; his left he opens and closes alternately upon a stethoscope in his pocket.

The five have reached the gallows, have ascended the platform, and have halted. The chaplain faces about and speaks falteringly to the man in tweed:

"Is there anything you would like to say?"

"Nothing."

A blue-eyed, red-bearded fellow steps forward, and waits on the chaplain but a moment before he deftly throws a black hood over the prisoner's head and secures it. To lead him a few paces, bind his hands and feet, encircle his neck with the ready collar of harshly fibrous rope, and place him in position, is the work of another moment only. There is a tension in the crowd. As by a sort of nervous necessity men draw closer together. The pencils fly over the note-books, and then waver, and cease. The chaplain has bowed his head again, and lower, while he drones of mysteries which the walls mock at and the hooded man does not hear. The guards are motionless, twin automata. He of the red beard glances swiftly at them, at the chaplain, the doctor, the reporters, the massed crowd; at the prisoner; at the crowd again; and then at a portly man in the front rank, with neat derby, long overcoat, and kid gloves, who significantly returns the look.

Nothing more. No words, not even the chaplain's monotone now. The old things are passed away.

From the tense rope the hooded man is hanging, the hand of another at his wrist. The pencils are furious. The crowd sways forward a little. Some of the men sigh, and few fear at last to observe their neighbors, yet are fascinated by one only. The doctor's watch registers twelve minutes after five. Behold, all things are become new.

And still the bound figure, voiceless, spiritless; if a moment ago in strain, now inert, rigid, and strangely permanent, a symbol affirming brotherhood with those others—the sheer walls and the solid fronts of limestone.

Lassitude

Once more I am weary—weary of wishing, weary of hoping—and the cause of my weariness is the surpassing loveliness of a woman whom I have looked upon.

Once only have mine eyes beheld her, but in my heart, graven in thought, and in the pictures which my mind makes, a thousand times have I seen her. I was foolish in thinking that when I turned away sharply but the one image would remain to suffuse my thoughts with rapture, for now I am made desperate with a multitude of pictures, which, dreaming, I have conjured up, and she appears to me in myriad aspects of beauty which have grown out of that single glance, that one remembrance. Would now that I had beheld her a thousand times, seen her to surfeiting, were such a thing possible.

Once only!—yes, but her loveliness redoubles and multiplies itself in the considering of it, and for this reason I am weary—weary of hoping, weary of longing. . . .

And the cause of it all, a woman whom I have looked upon!

Alone

Her blue eyes seemed to be ready to fill with tears.

Perhaps it was because of the wind which blew sharply over the barren crags.

Far away, over the distant lake, ten thousand glories of glories flamed in the pure blue of the skies. But the warmth had faded from the wind which strove to waft it to her pallid cheeks. And her blue eyes seemed to be ready to fill with tears.

And the far lake was blue with the blue of her eyes, while her glance was pure with the purity of the blue skies.

Over the barren crags the wind blew sharply, and maybe it was for this reason that her blue eyes were filled with tears.

Among the Iris

THIS is a pensive study in mauve iris, written without pride and for no praise. Before you read it, shroud yourself deep in dreams of past days. Before you read it, play yourself over in your mind some strain of Russian music. You will see how it blends in tone and pale loveliness with the theme.

There is a garden walk bordered with tall iris, and the one who tends the flowers comes in the evening when the dusk has taken the color out of everything. Her grey gown in the semi-darkness differs nowise in hue from the iridescent mauve of the iris. She herself is like one of the tall flowers—straight, slim, beautiful. The tune which she sings to herself is strange and sorrowful.

But who comes now from the dark roadside? It is a soldier, brilliant with blue and gold. The tall iris quiver upon their slim stems though not a breath stirs that the cheek can feel. Perhaps the same tremor passing through her own heart distracts her mind. However that may be, the soldier is now near at hand, and yet the lady's proud face gives no sign of emotion. He kneels ashamedly at her feet and there is anguish in the voice that pleads with her. The iris languish in the still, dead air, and when he has ceased to falter his mad words a still, dead silence falls. And yet the lady's sad eyes show no sign of forgiveness. Then, as the mauve iris sway to and fro in a slight breeze, as the tall lady thoughtfully shakes her head, the soldier stumbles broken-heartedly into the gloom toward the roadside. The iris shake in a wind-flurry and the pollen is falling slowly, floats and falls slowly, down to the ground. The lady walks resignedly among the iris, now stopping and gathering from among the fairest, and the tune which she sings to herself is strange and has certainly nothing of joy in it.

Night has fallen, and under the waves of blackness the tall lady is indistinguishable among the pale stalks of the trembling iris.

Even As With Lyonesse

Amid the clangor of brazen bells the slender, metal spires of the long-forgotten city pierce the lucid waters of the deeps. There is no footstep on the green jade pavements and no song floats from the tall and narrow windows.

Long, long ago, gay figures promenaded on the jeweled walks, lovers passed to and fro in the sunlit courts, light laughter echoed in the polished streets, hushed whispers reverberated in the vague corners of the halls of brass.

And once there was one, the passionate tones of whose voice fell from the narrow and frosted windows in a cadence of languorous sadness. Whether one listened or no, stood tranced in raviahment, I know not.

But now there is no footstep on the shining pavements, and no song floats from the high and frosted windows. Only the clangor of the brazen bells is heard among the shimmering spires, among the many slender spires, of the forsaken palaces which sleep in the luminous shadows underneath the waves.

I AM THAT KING OF OLDEN TIME

I AM THAT KING OF OLDEN TIME
WHOSE CITY SLEEPETH IN THE SEA
WHERE BELLS RESOUNDED HEAVILY
WITH SPRING'S TOO-OFT-REPEATED CHIME.

I SEEM TO KNOW THE NAMES OF QUEENS
DEPARTED HENCE THESE MANY YEARS
OH SOUL! AND NIGHT, IT THENCE APPEARS,
DROPS FADED FLOW'RS THROUGH HER DEMESNES.

THE GALLEYS WEIGHTED WITH MY GOLD
HAVE FOUNDERED ALL, I KNOW NOT WHERE,
WHILE I'M THE SHOWERER'S FOOL AND STARE
TO SEA ON WATCH FOR WEALTH UNTOLD.

WHY SHOULD I WANT THE FALLEN FAME
BENEATH THE BANNERS OF THOSE TOWNS
WHEREIN SO MANY SERVILE CLOWNS
WOULD CLAMOR STAR-WARD MY ACCLAIM?

THE MOON UPON MY TRANQUIL EYES
AND IN MY HAND THE SWORD, I WAIT
THE DAY WHOSE LUSTRE, SOON OR LATE,
WILL TRACE MY MARK UPON THE SKIES.

AND YET THE HOPES OF CONQUEST WARM
THE HEART THAT THINKS UPON ITS RAGES:
HAVE I, THE CONQUEROR OF AGES,
HEARD TRUMPETS SOUNDING IN THE STORM?

OH AM I THE IRON BELLS SET FREE
WITH SPRING'S TOO-OFT-REPEATED CHIME?
I AM THAT KING OF OLDEN TIME
WHOSE CITY SLEEPETH IN THE SEA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF STUART MERRILL.



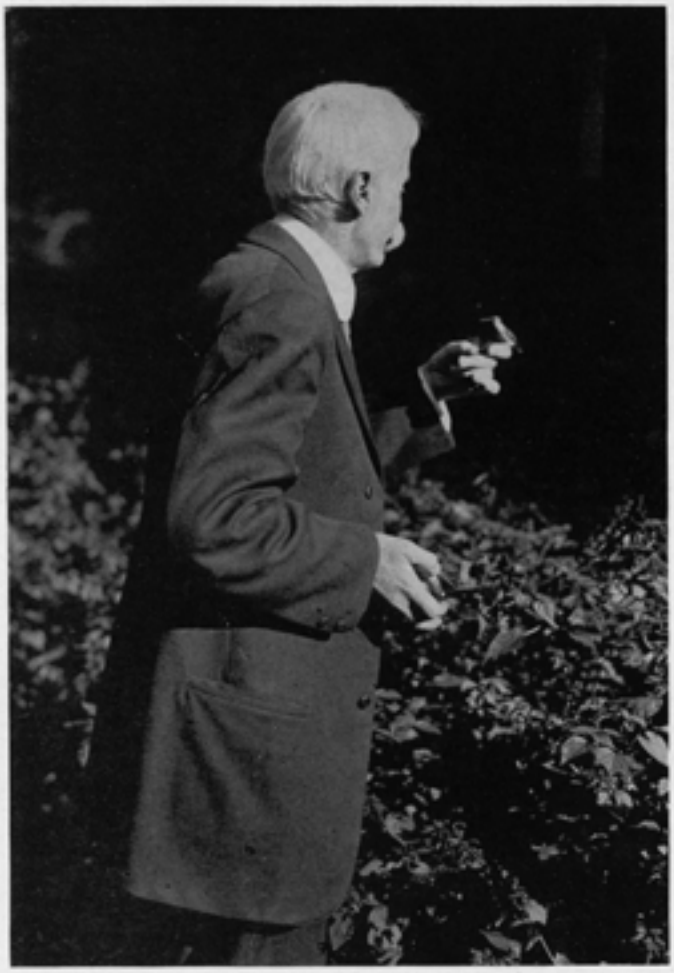


Victory

Dull gloom the clouds and hover o'er the field
To mingle with the smoke below that rolls
A blanket 'round the guns but scarce revealed
Where they are stationed on opposing knolls.
The gray-black clouds uprising from the ground
Are drawn within the lowering clouds above
Until the earth and sky are girt around
And gripped as if within a sombre glove.
The heavy roaring drowns all slighter sounds,
And yet, although the air is thunder-filled,
It seems to bear a grim resolve that pounds
And pulses through it all. My pen, unskilled,
Cannot record the tense, impatient feel
That throbbed within the very atmosphere.
No words could be sufficient to reveal
Such resolution as could conquer fear
And give the courage to defy the shells
Which strew the ground with slain and groove the earth
With scars. Where such determination dwells
How much the last reward must needs be worth!
Ah, yes! The last reward when those gray clouds
Are torn asunder and the sun flames out
And rips apart the sullen, sombre shrouds,
While down below the swarming masses shout,
And dawns a day to live in memory,
All wrapped in gray, but crowned with VICTORY!



Feature



SPENCER JUDD AND HIS TAME HUMMING BIRD

This photograph was taken by Mr. Judd himself—the shutter release may be seen in his hand—and is remarkable not only as a bit of photographic art, but also as a feat of bird-taming which has hitherto been regarded impossible of accomplishment.



"You boys may smoke if you wish. I have my pipe." It is the Bishop speaking.

The after-dinner circle had formed and the V. C. stood with his back to the fireplace, hands clasped behind him, swaying back and forth, eyebrows lifted, smoke ascending in thick spirals. He cleared his throat.

"Harry Clark is a great football play-ah. He can play every position except cen-*tah*."

Silence gave consent to this remark, so the V. C. cut loose again.

"Austin Decker will surprise you some *day*. His father was a fine play-*ah*. Austin will make the team some *day*."

"But Bishop," ventured one of the unwary, "Decker is too light for college football."

"That is not so," replied the V. C. "'Chigger' Brown was lighter than Austin. 'Chigger' Brown made the *team*."

Whether or not Outang will make the team rests with the future to disclose, but from present indications he stands more chance of developing into a professional pool player. However, the V. C. is a self-confessed profit, and his interest in sport has made him an authority on many phases of athletics, so don't laugh too soon.

We remember one incident of the not very distant past in connection with Bishop Knight which shows how heartily he can enter into the activities of the boys. He had been watching a practice out on Hardee Field and evidently got tired of seeing others in the limelight. Every one was astonished when he said that he was going to circle the quarter-mile track. He did it, at the same time puffing complacently on his trusty pipe and never missing a drag. It was sensational. The boys like that kind of stuff. It is that kind of thing and an unflagging interest in their affairs which have created in the student body the opinion that the Bishop is "a mighty good sport," whether he is a profit or not. And as to the matter of this University, when it comes to a head, you will find that the Bishop is right there. Profit by that thought.



"Like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes he star'd at the Pacific—" our own Dr. Sammy is sometimes found gazing through space at the inexplicable fourth dimension: and the poet is of still further assistance, for "all his men look at each other with a wild surmise." "Recollect, gentlemen," says our sage physician in mathematics, "that on paper you can only see two dimensions and must imagine the third. Just recollect *that*, gentlemen, and then you will see that if you have a three-dimension figure you can imagine a fourth dimension. Very simple, gentlemen."

Think what a field of investigation this method opens up. Here the Doctor has shown that all superfluous dimensions can be evolved by a mere flight of the imagination. Thus, we can have an infinite number of dimensions. Take the thin man in the circus, for instance. With Dr. Sammy's aid and a little imagination he can figure out several extra dimensions and be any build he wants to. Of course he would lose his job, but think of the triumph for higher mathematics.

We regret to say that Dr. Sammy has one serious fault —that of prying into the affairs of others. Oh no! Not on this Earth! Not the affairs of people on the Mountain! We are misunderstood. But he is inordinately curious about the actions of Venus, Mars, Saturn, the Dog Star, the Hog Star, and so forth. The top of the Science Hall is where he makes his uncalled-for observations. Yet many others share his undue curiosity and his book on the subject, "Waiting at the Stage-Door Till the Stars Come Out," has been very well received.



"Now, when I was in Glendale," said Cleve, tapping his pate with his pencil, "I was chief of the Volunteer Fire Department."

This, gentlemen, is an undoubted fact, and not only did the redoubtable Cleve handle the manual end of the labor connected with the fire department, but he also administered to the spiritual needs of his men. He wore the conventional fire-helmet, and it is persistently rumored that the heavy head-encasement was the direct cause of falling hair, leading to the use, unfortunately unsuccessful, of Maudine. With his usual regard for suffering humanity, Cleve then set to work and invented a helmet with holes in it, so that no other fireman need sacrifice his hair in the service. Another story has it that Cleve was hit by a falling brick while rescuing a lovely young girl from the cellar of a burning building—a mishap which affected his ears—but this report has never been substantiated. They also tell of a sensational rescue of a two-year-old child from the second story of a barber shop as the sparks flew upward. It is said that Cleve hastily piled up a tower of Ivory soap boxes, and, bravely mounting it, brought down, unharmed, the frightened infant.

Cleve is well-known by the students in his classes as a geographical technician, which, being translated into their vernacular, is to say, a geographical "nut." There is little doubt that he knows the exact location of every place in Palestine, but when he vaguely indicates the whole map with a sweep of the arm it would take a mind-reader to prove that he knows what he is talking about. However, when all is said, we admit that Cleve is a man of rare insight and vision through the invaluable assistance of those famous bi-focals.



Turkey hunting is not Fuzzy's regular line. History is his long suit, with tramping in the woods only a card or two short. But there came a day when he figured that skunk cabbage, jimpson weed, and other wild flowers are not the only things in the wilds of the University domain worth going out after. He decided to hunt turkey.

Now Fuzzy is part English, with a dash of Irish. As he asserts in lecture, the Englishman is above all a man of action, and this hunting idea got his Irish up. So he wrote to Sears-Roebuck for a treatise on the latest wrinkles in shooting turkey. When the book came he spent many hours mastering the subject.

The next morning, equipped with shotgun and shells, he stole forth while the dew was yet lurking in the weeds. The theory is that the turkeys' feet get stuck in the dew and they are slow in rising from cover. Fuzzy was gone all morning. He was gone all afternoon. Long after the supper-hour one of the boys saw him trudging sturdily in from the hunt, gun in hand.

"Been hunting, Doctor?" was the student's brilliant cross-question.

"Yes," replied Fuzzy, "but I didn't bag any birds. However, (here he straightened up and threw back his head with that characteristic cheery smile) luck wasn't so bad. I SAW A SQUIRREL!"



SUFFERING

Hubert Hilary Suffering Aimes is gradually undermining Jonathan Swift's reputation. He ought to have *Sarcasm* in there between *Hilary* and *Suffering*, for what is life without a middle name?

You ought to hear him talk about democracy, or the fluctuating value of the cart-wheel, or the college grad. thumping on the railroad for a living—you ought to hear him talk about such things if you want to get a powerful and pungent impression of the potency of sarcasm.

Suffering was lecturing one day on the excess profits tax and asked us how in the world it is possible for a man to earn too much. We didn't know.

"In other words," said Suffering, "can a man run the hundred yards too fast?"

No one seemed to know. However, some member of the class later asked Bill Coughlan about it and Bill said yes, that he had met several men who could run it too d— fast for him. Honestly, ladies, Bill always talks that way, but he doesn't mean a thing by it.

Suffering says, "You cannot squeeze water out of a stone —not in these days at least. The Government is no place to go for genius. Would you go to a blacksmith shop to get your teeth fixed? I think not."

We also think not.

Every once in a while some student is so indiscreet as to ask Suffering what he means by some question in a blackboard quiz. The invariable reply is, "It means exactly what it says." From this you will readily gather that Suffering is never, never ambiguous. He is certainly the real article!



"SQUIRREL"

"The first few lectures will be more directly concerned with the question, What is life?"

Squirrel paused to let this fact sink in.

This is a question which is considerably more puzzling today than in preceding generations. Life, gentlemen, (you might like to put this down in your notes)—Life is said by I. Bustiou, the eminent French critic, to be the heterogeneous inter-relation, both before and after, of the empirical ego, considered jointly and in contradistinction to, the perplexities of component deciduities, when neither the former nor the latter, by their very conciseness, fall into the category of problematic co-existences. This is a good working definition.

"However, I prefer the more subjective view that life is a mutilated conglomeration of the impossible. Please take that, gentlemen. Ah—er—that is my own. You realize, of course, that you will be held responsible for these definitions.

"Most artists regard life as a dream: they are fascinated by the idea of Sleep as a symbolic figure."

Wild Will Vaughan was trying very hard to become a "symbolic figure," but Squirrel looked right at him and barked, "Peace! Peace! He is not dead, he doth not sleep!"

"No," muttered Bill, "but I came mighty close to it."

"Masefield," Squirrel continued, blinking his eyes, "is perhaps the greatest living poet. When he first came to this country he gained employment as a bar-tender. I knew him well. . . ."

Squirrel paused in astonishment, not to say embarrassment. The students, for some strange reason, were going into hysterical risibles. He had unintentionally made a hit, in fact, broken up class.

But, seriously, do we not envy him the privilege of intimacy with the poet at that particular stage of the game?



Assigned to Perdition Since Prohibition

EXTRACT FROM "THE RAVIN'"

Can we not at night provoke a calm and quiet game of poker
While the ones who have them smoke a pack of cigarettes or more?—
Quoth the Bishop, "Nevermore!"



"HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'S ACTUALLY SO" B

Chaucer in Prose: The Freshman's Tale

Fellows, here's something that's actually so. This little episode of my rather varied career happened last summer and was a severe test of my moral powers of resistance.

I had been some months in old Paris-on-the-Hudson, and was becoming weary. I was bored with the humdrum of the town, tired of the hoarse songs of the chorus girls and the cabaret bacchanals. The jazz stuff which once alarmed my youthful blood was beginning to startle only my disgust. I longed for the quietude of nature and the soft tranquillity of the soughing breezes: breezes unpollutued by the soot-clouds of the town; undisturbed by the raucous rumble of the subway; free from the galling whistle of the traffic director, directing the ebb and flow of the rolling commerce. As I was saying, men, I was beginning to chafe under the stifling influence of these things and I wanted to flee from them to the wholesome rural scenes at home, flee "home to our Mountain."

In such a mood, it didn't take me long to catch an electric to Brighton. With a couple of O. Henrys and Leacocks I resolved to blow it out in the simple way. It wasn't long before I had donned my smart bathing-suit (you know it was one of the cleverest on parade that day) and after taking a little dip in the surf, I stretched out on the warm granules with a volume of Leacock and a pack of Lord Granville Smoke Sticks. Men, that's the life!

However, my soul was not destined to repose. Not that day! It so happened that Dona Marie Codavenga, a Portuguese Countess of great charm and beauty, was tarrying a few days at Brighton. Men, it was like a challenge from an acorn to a hog. She had whisked over in her plane from town that same morning and apparently was a very observant Portugee. She was not only beautiful herself but was possessed of esthetic taste. She was quick to notice my finely-cast, athletic frame and the careless grace of my walk. You know, I'm exceedingly handicapped with this conventional garb: it's so drab and uniform. I don't like to say it myself, but I'm quite an imposing chap when unharassed by clothes.



"THE CLEVEREST ON PARADE"

Well, to continue my story, as I was lolling on that warm sand and being entertained by Steve's slick tales, I was interrupted by one of the Countess's attendants who brought a communication written by her titled and bejewelled hand. That nectarin note was nothing more or less than a petition from the lovely foreigner for the favor of words with myself.

Well, you know, men, I was absolutely sick of this stuff. I was tired to the point of exasperation with the frivolities of the big city and all its gay accessories. Those pink-wash beauties and man-hunters had tracked me enough. Honestly, I used to have to push them out of my way—beat 'em off with



"I WAS SICK OF THIS STUFF"

a stick—when I went to my table each night at the *Palais Purpre* after the evening shows. Here, at least, I thought I would be free from the town marionettes. Then you must know that the memory of the old days had been haunting me again—the days when I used to walk the furrows or watch old Cal with the hog-killing. Little dreamed Dad then that his boy would be guilty of such ruthless slaughter of hearts and homes when he grew up.

Well, this Countess's note was worded so adroitly that there was no avenue of escape, and so I consented to a meeting at least. My natural American courtesy to the visiting nobility would not permit me to spurn her invitation. Anyway, she was a new type and from the royalty, and I thought I might glean a little pleasure from her company.

Jumping a lot of tiresome details and preliminary scenes, it was very apparent after our first meeting that the woman had gone fairly wild over me; really cracked about me, she was. Long experience allowed me to see the humor in the situation at first, but let me tell you, men, this was a real queen. I must confess that I was struck by her peculiar charm, but I felt that I was master of the situation.

At the early morning dance that evening she opened up the muffler and unfolded to me her mission to America. It looked like I was the savage she was to missionary to. After dancing a while, we hunted out an arboreal corner in the grill. She told me of her marvelous castles in Portugal, of her vast forest domains, of the swans gliding to and fro in the artificial lakes, of the luxurious life we would always enjoy, the soft—well, she wove such an alluring picture of us in the beautiful tapestry of Portuguese romance that I was just before yielding.



"I WAS MASTER OF THE SITUATION" B

There she sat, a creature of rare beauty, with her glistening black tresses, her dark, lustrous eyes with sweeping lashes, those cheeks of baby softness and full, rich, red lips. Her shoulders were like cool ivory and she wore one of those decollete gowns composed of a string of beads and a vision. There she was, an example of womanly perfection. Only then did I realize what a hard struggle old Adam must have had. It was awful, men, awful, I tell you, and my soul was crying for her soul.

A painful picture of the old homestead reappeared. Both that picture and the exquisite shape across the table tortured me. I reached over to take those jeweled, alabaster hands in mine, when some irresistible force stayed my hands and I slowly drew, from the vest-pocket over my heart, a picture, and let it fall on the table. It was a photo of that Arkansas girl in a bungalow apron, her cheeks moist with tears, waving good-bye as I was driving off to the station.

It may have been minutes, it may have been an hour; but I only know that when I looked up again the seat opposite me was empty!



"GRAB YOUR ANKLES, RAT!



Awards of Medals and Prizes for 1918 and 1919

1918

The Master's Medal for Latin

GEORGE MALCOLM FOOSHEE Tennessee

The Florida Medal for Poetry

DEAN BELDEN LYMAN, JR. Connecticut

The Knight Medal for Elocution

MILES CASE BOYD Tennessee

The Jemison Medal for Debate

DAVID MILLER DRIVER Tennessee

The Rylance Medal for Debate

DAVID MILLER DRIVER Tennessee

The Lea Medal for Oratory

DEAN BELDEN LYMAN, JR. Connecticut

The Shepherd Medal for Essay

WILLIAM FREDERICK SCHNEIDER Kentucky

1919

The Knight Medal for Elocution

THOMAS EXAM HARGRAVE Nebraska

The Jemison Medal for Debate

DEAN BELDEN LYMAN, JR. Connecticut

The Lea Medal for Oratory

JAMES EDWARD HARTON, JR. Tennessee

The Shepherd Medal for Essay

CHARLES CAPERS SATTERLEE Georgia

The E. C Richmond Prize for Political Science

WILLIAM DE BRUYN-KOPS, JR. South Carolina



Hammond and the Porter Cup

This cup is to be given annually by Mr. A. W. Porter to the best athlete and all-around man in the University. The purpose of the donor is to encourage attainment in all fields of college activity.

The Sweet Young Thing

"OH, isn't it a lovely party!" exclaimed the sweet young thing.

"Yes," I said, although inwardly I knew that I was bored stiff with the affair. But she was one of that sort of girls with whom it is bad policy to differ, as an argument might ensue. If she ever got started arguing, I was sure my temper would elude me as a result of her ultra-feminine lack of logic.

She was of the popular type of girl, rather pretty in the artificial, baby way which nobody would ever wish to be if a choice were allowed. She was a good dancer and had a flowing line of small talk. Her name, I think, was Belle Featherbrane; but maybe that is merely an impression rather than a memory. I did not notice her gown particularly, as I have no wife to hector me with questions about everybody's clothes when I get home. It is funny how a man's female relatives always ask that and always limit it to the ladies' apparel. They never ask what any of the men had on, whereas that is the only thing I ever noticed. I myself wore a plain black suit with a silk collar of the lapel type, a sort of curtain effect in the rear giving the impression almost of a swallow's tail; the coat was left unbuttoned in front, the vest was cut low, revealing an expanse of white, starched stiff and broken up very pleasantly by two small pearl studs; a high white collar and a white bow tie completed the effect. Many of the men wore similar suits, while others had outfits which omitted the curtain effect and used a black tie. So you see, I could tell all about the men's clothes, while those of the ladies slipped my mind. I believe the sweet young thing wore an evening gown (not a night dress, mind you, in spite of the fact that she fully intended wearing it all night long) of pink—or maybe blue, or white—the color is immaterial. The material of which it was made was silk, or felt, or cotton, I can't remember exactly—it is of little importance. She wore no collar, as I remember it; if she did, I couldn't see it. She was just getting old enough, apparently, to wear short dresses, and that evening gown was no exception! Her hair was done up very high, reaching about two feet above her head to give the impression of great brain-power (which it might have done had she kept her mouth closed) and was held up there with a great comb of turtle-skin, in which was set a large, clear piece of glass. Her fingers, wrists, and neck were hung like a curtain-rod with golden rings. The whole get-up, including the skin treatment, was of the same general style as that of the rest of the sweet young things present. But, as I say, her gown is immaterial; her lack of logic is the chief topic of my discussion, or, better perhaps, invective.

When she expressed admiration for the dance I thought it better to agree with her and then change the subject to something really interesting and worth-while, rather than to tell her outright that the crowd was too large, that the air was too stuffy, that too many of the girls were of the brainless butterfly type (including herself), that there was not enough stick in the punch (only a twig), that I hated dancing, that the music was rotten, and that there were any number of other faults with the party that made it unbearable to me—so unbearable that I would not even consider staying later than two o'clock in the morning. I thought this policy the wisest, especially as her mother was the hostess. So, as I say, I wasted none of the staff of feminine life (*i.e.*, talkable breath) but agreed so conclusively that my opinion was absolutely clear, and then launched upon a real subject before Miss Featherbrane got started about some fellow present who was "just the cutest thing" and "danced just marvelously!"

"Yes," I said; "what is your opinion of the Income Tax?"

"I think it's horrid!" she replied, pouting: "Just to think of the injustice of it!"

"What injustice?" I asked, surprised.

"Oh, the whole business! Why, just think of those poor people who only get about ten or fifteen thousand a year—barely enough for the sheer necessities of life—having to pay a ten per cent tax!"

"But that," I demurred, "is only on two thousand of it."

"I don't care," she pouted, "it's unfair."

"But why?" I asked.

"Because," she said, with a pretty air of finality.

Then somebody asked her to dance, thereby preserving the normal heat of my temper. I sought out another girl to talk to (all the men were dancing, so I had to use females as conversational partners). I found her much the same.

"Isn't it a lovely party!" she exclaimed.

Following the same reasoning as in the first case, I replied immediately, "Yes, are you a disciple of the Darwinian theory?"

"Certainly not!" she said, trying vainly to look as if she knew what it was; "I support the other one—The Survival of the Fittest."

"What makes you do that?" I said, deciding to humor her.

"I feel that it is right," she explained.

"But why?" I persisted, with the interrogatory air of a man asking a question.

"Because I do," she said.

"You women are so illogical," I ejaculated.

"Illogical!" she flared. "You men are the ones who are illogical!"

"In what way?" I asked.

"Oh, you just are," she said, dancing off with a partner.

I approached another specimen of the popular type of girl and was greeted by a question which struck me immediately by the force of its sheer originality.

"Isn't it a lovely party!"

Having a new topic thus brought to my mind so unexpectedly, I decided to give way to my feelings in the matter of a reply.

"Why is it?" I asked, aggressively.

"Don't you think it is?" she answered, in her sweetly feminine way.

"No," I said bluntly, "it is awful!"

"I think it is lovely," she averred.

"Why?" I pursued; "the music is all ragtime and jazz—not a bit of Wagner or Debussy—the flowers are largely artificial; so are the girls; the men are mostly brainless; the hostess is a *nouveau riche;* the refreshments were not only sparse but were reminiscent of a ten-cent store—everything is abominable, yet you rave over it! Can you tell me why?"

"Oh, yes!" she said, stifling a yawn; "there is so much pep."

"Pep!" I cried, "and yet you seem about to fall asleep?"

"Well, it's a lovely party, anyway," she argued.

Her irrefragable logic struck me at once—struck me dumb with rage. But before I could think of something withering to say, something which would be based (old-fashioned as the idea seems to have become) on sound common sense, regardless of the radicalism of the act—before I could open my mouth unexplosively, a laddie danced her off, revelling in her modern, intellectual conversation. I resolved to try once more before going to tell the hosters what a splendidly boring evening I had not enjoyed, preparatory to leaving. But this time I selected a "wall-flower." I had hardly said "Good evening" to her when she started in to talk.

"Isn't it a—er—" and paused. I was horrified and had already decided to cry out in anguish "No! It is horrible!" and to rush out in tears of aggravation at having all the conversation so hopelessly modern for my own feeble mental powers; I was just turning toward the door, gathered for my spring, when she finished her question.

"—er—a godsend to have 'Hamlet' played in town this week? Do you not admire 'Hamlet'?"

Oh, blessed relief! Oh, savior of my rationality! A conversationalist who talked, not in the feminine and modern manner, but with thorough intentions of saying something worth-while! I straightened up, took a long breath, and launched upon an ideal conversation.

Give me the mural decorations, from now on!

The Finest Man I Know

ALL these men tire me. I felt like going to bed and staying there at least an hour. Something was the matter with every one of them; they all sickened me with their faults and I felt like calling in an osteopath, but I was afraid he would have a big, glaring fault, too, so I refrained. What I wanted was a man—one would do—who was perfect, in spite of whatever faults he might have. A woman, of course, would not do: the mere fact that she was a woman would be too great a fault. How I longed for the company of a faultless man, like George Washington, or Abraham Lincoln, or perhaps Henry VIII. So I decided to seek the companionship of the one faultless man I knew. Bad as he may be, in my own opinion there is nothing the matter with him.

With this determination, I approached the full-length mirror which stands in my hallway. A tall, handsome man came to meet me from the opposite side of the glass. His hair and eyes were of my favorite colors—blue and black, irrespectively. His height was ideal—about six feet two and one-sixteenth inches. His apparent weight was perfect—I should guess it to be one hundred and sixty-three pounds, two and one-half ounces. His ears might have been those of Venus himself, so fine were they—not of the elephantine variety which flap in a draft, or can serve as fans in hot weather. His nose was delightful—just such a smeller as a sweet-scented rose. He wore clothes of the latest style, fresh from the pressers. His shoes had a shine like a black eye. His appearance reminded me immediately—even before I saw it—of an art gallery. Before I saw it, I say, for I knew the man better than any other living or dead person knew him—knew his every thought, every secret, knew what was in his mind, knew what had been there but had left—I knew him through and through, and then through once more.

"Hello, old fellow!" I cried. (He was not really old, but was just the right age, and always would be in my opinion—twenty-eight years at the time). "I am more pleased to see you than any one else in the whole world—not excepting my mother-in-law's undertaker."

"I knew it," replied my reflection, in the most beautiful imaginable of bell-like voices. "And I am glad to see you, also."

"What a lovely voice you have!" I exclaimed, enraptured with him.

"Oh, yes," he said, "it is too beautiful for words—like a symphony." He made a lovely gesture with exquisite grace. Indeed, grace was one of his most notable characteristics.

"Do you know," I said, "that I love you?"

My reflection's answer was poetic enough to be immortal—to rank with Tennyson or Keats, or even P. G. Wodehouse:—"Our love for each other shall be life-long and deep as the sea!"

"Oh, you are marvelous!" I cried out to myself, as he stood there smiling at me.

"We always have agreed, do so now, and always will," he said, calm as a death from sleeping-sickness.

"You are too modest," I said; "you should be more cognizant of the worth of others."

"Oh, yes, to a certain degree," said my image; "I realize their worth, I see that some of them have qualities which approach mine."

"But most of them are conceited when they do have a good quality," I suggested.

"Far too much so," he agreed. "Conceit is such a conventional emotion! I abhor it in my acquaintances, it becomes so boring."

I changed the subject, not because I was not pleased with it (how could I be displeased with anything he enjoyed?) but for lack of further to say: "You have grown even handsomer!"

"A little," he admitted, not wishing to claim too much, modest youth! "But it is hard to improve any more."

"Very; you are perfect already," I said. "These other men, and women, are all wrong somehow.

Mr. Austin Decker, for instance, thinks of nothing but shooting pool. Or Mr. Mershon, whose big fault is having no faults, technically and according to Hoyle, but who is hopeless from the human standpoint."

"Quite right!" agreed myself. "And Mr. Hargraves Canby Hurd—he ought to get a job as a wireless telephone and shout messages between New York and Boston. As for Mr. Paul Sloan, he is so horribly self-centered, he is like a circle."

"You are the only perfect man I know," I said.

"Correct," myself agreed from the other side of the glass.

"Who are the two best men in the world?" I asked.

"I am both of them," said he.

"Yes," I continued; "and there is only one ideal man in creation, and you and I are he!"

I had talked for some time now and I thought it time to stop, but he divined my thought with his quick eye and did the trick with his inimitable tact.

"I must go," he began.

"A moment," I begged; "one characteristic I forgot to commend you for: you are the cleverest of liars—you are never detected!"

"It's a gift!" he said; "but, as you insinuate, the sin is not in lying, but in being detected, and so my soul is spotless."

"I shall leave you with it," I said; "farewell for a while."

"Adieu," he replied, starting in the opposite direction from me.

Oh, what a wonderful man he was! How I should have enjoyed his company longer—my only love! Object of my divine passion! And what a relief after the other men I had been meeting, every one of them with a flagrant fault to spoil them, to render them unbearable to me, while he alone was flawless—a crystal in a mass of granite!

Oh!——Oh!———O-h-h-h-h-h!!!!


THE 10:30 CLASS
THE FIRM
WHAT WE LIVE WITH
WHAT WE LIVE FOR
A RARE TREAT
PART OF THE LANDSCAPE
KEATS' CORTEZ
THE FROG
THE V. C.

THE GRITTY HASH

Published in the interests of better food and better babies.
Much hash makes few brains.

VOL. 4 SEWANEE, TENN. No. 1

STIRRING EVENTS AT TRACY CITY

Cable to The Gritty Hash From Special Correspondents Lyman and Williamson.

One rainy morning when the engine bell was ringing wet, two vigorous young men, while engaged in the strenuous occupation of rushing from chair to chair, were accosted by a young Hercules about knee-high to a pan-cake. He got them interested in a visit to that choice restaurant known as the "Quick and Dirty." Clothespins were served at the door, while pistols and coffee were ordered for the crowd. During the meal a coal-miner desecrated the face of a companion by playfully caressing it with the business end of a Bologna sausage. It is said by the depot master that the injury disfigured the man's face to such an extent that he failed to recognize himself in the mirror the next morning and combed someboay else's hair by mistake. The two vigorous young men, however, escaped with nothing worse than egg stains on the seats of their trousers.

Have you heard that delightful little ballad entitled, "He Slept in the County Jail," by request? Or that charming little ditty called "Going Crazy," accompanied by the orchestra? Or the one that goes, "Bishop, Get a Hammer Quick, There's a Fly on Hullihen's Head"? We also recommend that touching song, "Who Cut the Sleeves Out of Woolwine's Vest"? and that song of heart and home, "How Cunningham's toe-nail slipped and cut the sheet." And that delicious ballad, "Back to the Mines, the Coal is Getting Soft," with its companion piece, "Call the Doctor, Oscar, the Ice-man Has a Chill." In every home there should be a copy of our latest heart-throb hit which has thrown New York and Paris into paroxisms of crocodile tears. The title of it is, "Open Up the Cans, Mother, It's Condensed Milking-time."

WHITE LIGHTNING IS FOUND

Roof of Science Hall Scene of Discovery—Authorities Wire to Carry Nation.

Last night Dr. Berky and Prof. Willey were detected on the roof of the Science Hall erecting a curious apparatus for scientific purposes. They moved very cautiously and deliberately about their business and when interrupted by an inquisitive reporter elucidated freely on the merits of the new lightning-rod which their combined genius has recently perfected. Experiments with this revolutionary instrument will be watched with keen interest by the scientific world. It is hoped that a process will soon be evolved for bringing down the ethereal nectar of the gods. Let us join in prayer.

DEAN ASKED TO RESIGN

Abdominal Board Forced to Act. Students Unanimously Accept Decision.

With feeling in the University running to a high pitch and caustic comment spreading a blue haze about the Mountain, a momentous action was taken. Dean H. Lyman has been asked by a committee of freshmen, urged on by the abominable boards, to resign himself to his inexorable fate. Dean may as well do this, for nobody has ever yet been able to dodge his fate. This is the only question of the year on which faculty and students have been able to agree. Fate is no doubt a mean customer. Even Wicked William Coughlan cannot outrun his fate, so what chance will Dean have? Alas, poor Dean!

Zollicoffer Edwards (dissertating on Darwin's "Origin of the Species" in Sociology class) said: "Man descended from the ape, the ape descended from the tree; therefore, Dr. Aimes, I leave it to you if Quincey there hasn't a right to have a wooden head."

SECRET SOCIETY IS EXPOSED

Detective Burton Gives Out Information—Arrest Impending.

After a terrible battle in the wee, small hours of Tuesday, in which local detectives were conspicuous for their unconscious bravery, the ring-leaders of a radical and dangerous organization were put to inglorious rout. Much literature and incendiary material were captured.

This organization, it was learned by a Hash reporter early this A.M., is called The International Order of Class and Chapel Cutters. Captured literature reveals the officers to be prominent citizens held in high esteem by the community. They are: Past Grand Proctor Baiter, Col. Marr Morris, U. S. A., retired; Present Grand Excuse Producer, Prof. System Cox, C. O. D.; Future Grand Cut Remover, Deacon Swoope; Convenient Grand Seat Filler, Hon. Humble Frosh.

All succeeded in making their escape through the nearby underbrush. This horrible information was received with sighs and groans by the constable. Why can't they let a man alone? At an early hour this morning posses were being formed by faculty officers and proctors, none of whom took part in the pursuit. At noon today Dr. Barton, wounded three times in the fourth dimension but still going bravely forward in arithmetical progression, rushed breathlessly into the barber shop to gather additional numbers. Bearing the news that the criminals were last seen dodging around at bay among the ruins of old Hoffman, he set everybody to figuring. With the aid of reinforcements and the employment of mathematical exactitude it is believed that the fugitive will be brought to justice before nightfall. Sensational developments are expected. The only casualty of the man-hunt was when Dr. Aimes stubbed his toe on a political issue.

RANK RHYMES AND LOOSE LYRICS

If you have ever sat in
Old Tabby Nauts's Latin
And heard the stale, moth-bitten
Jokes that he has written
During countless ages
All along the pages
Of Cicero and others
Among his Dago brothers—
If you have ever done this,
You'll sure agree upon this—
That half a dozen Tabbies
Would give a school the rabies.

A bunch of fellows called the Reds
Have often roused us from our beds
With shout and clamor most outrageous.
The foul disease appears contagious
And other gangs have been parading.
All such promiscuous serenading
And midnight-hour perambulation
Calls forth our firm disapprobation.
Ye Reds and Ghouls, a pox on you!
Bet George and Pat would say so, too.

It isn't the meat that we hate,
It isn't the bread that is dough,
It isn't the beans on the plate
When in to our meals we go,
It isn't the vegetables there,
Although they are worse than trash,
No, it isn't the zip nor the cakes they flip,
It's the hash, hash, hash.

Oh, would that Latin had only died
When Romans passed away
And did no more with us reside
To haunt men night and day.
With wrinkled brow and tousled hair,
O'er Latin books I pine,
And for reward I get my share—
A great big sixty-nine.

Happy Houligan sat on us all,
Happy answered the country's call.
We wish that the Bishop and all his men
Couldn't have got him back again.

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise.
He stepped into the faculty
And opened both his eyes,
And when he found out where he was,
With all his might and main,
He jumped out of the faculty
And came to life again.

A dillar, a dollar,
Hot under the collar!
Someone mad too soon!
You used to get mad twice as quick,
You sober-minded prune.

They tell us that someone
Who wasn't a dumb one
Hit Tabby pat in
A short line of Latin
About Hallowe'en time
One year, but the meantime
Has brought back another
Whose pride we would smother
By calling him scullion.
His real name is Houligan.
If we succeeded
No more would be needed,
But each one would outvie
His friend in the outcry,
"Sic semper tyrannus!"
.
Lord, 'a' mercy on us!

ORIGINAL VERSION

The first little pig went to market,
The second little pig did the same,
The third little pig did likewise—
All the little pigs went to market.

Later version

The first little pig went to market,
The 2nd little pig went to market,
The 3rd little pig went to market,
The 4th little pig went to market,
But the 5th little pig went to cold storage—
And there weren't any more little pigs.

Note—If pigs could sing they wouldn't grunt.

Two nights of the week, as you know,
There's a place where the playgoers go,
But they come with a bunion
Away from "The Onion"
After pounding a seat at the show.

A pack of ignorant asses
Speak of "the down-trodden masses;"
But our bane of existence
Is lack of subsistence
On account of eight o'clock classes.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the Soup Store
To get her poor dog some meat,
But she found that the scraps
Are reserved for the chaps
Who hold down a St. Luke's seat.

William Frederick Henry Schneider
Gained his fame as a cart-horse rider.
His grin that spreads from ear to ear
Was gained by guzzling steins of beer.
O Tempora! O Mores!

A man is a fool
To go to school
In preference to pool—
Says Ostendecker.

COURSES BY PLAGIARISM

I've taken each course as I found it.
I've passed and I've flunked in my time,
I've had my pick of professors
And four of the lot were prime.

One was a doctor named "Fuzzy."
Another was More-raise, the Owl.
The third was called Jenny; he wasn't so many;
While Tabby comes in for a howl.

Economics I took under More-raise.
All set on his "options" he were.
He'd say, "You can take 'em or leave 'em,"
And you meekly replied, "Yes, sir."

I took my French under Jenny,
But je ne peut pas talk at all.
If a counterfeit joke were a penny
He could back John D. to the wall.

'Twas History I took under Fuzzy,
He could ramble in prose or in rhyme.
Though he talked like a Browning machine-gun,
He was always cut short by the chime.

He showed me the value of shorthand
In taking his notes day by day.
He had quizzes each week for the prompt and the meek,
But the late he sent empty away.

Then Latin I took under Tabby.
It filled me with glorious thoughts,
But the best one that ever he taught was,
"The plural of nothing is Nauts."

So I bought me a cute Latin pony;
A pocket edition she were.
She carried me through to a seventy-two,
And I learned about Latin from her.

You can talk of your going to college
And getting your "dips" and degrees,
But strawing and jacks (if you cover your tracks)
Are the weapons that leave you at ease.

THE GRITTY HASH

Published at Random

Terms, hard cash.
Lead dollars not accepted.
We publish what we think when we think of anything.
Non-political.
Anything goes in the Hash.

STAFF

Dearborn }
Coughlan } Editors-in-Chief
Niberius Tauts....Stamp Collector
Hardon Willey.....Local Scoop
Under Ware.....Printer's Devil
(Gives 'em L)

If anybody in this school
Presents a point for ridicule,
Be he Prof or Red or Rat
Or student proletariat,
We hope to hit him off somewhere
In this crude section of hot air.
If you get joked about, don't holler.
Heat's uncalled for under the collar.
Take our joshing like a man
And just remember, if you can,
That he who takes it in good part
Will be considered best at heart.
In case of any defamation
By open stroke or implication
Simply, gentlemen, "Recollect"
That ridicule has no respect
For age, position, ribbons red,
Or anything, when all is said,
For the following reason—no harm meant
Nor malice nor malign intent
Can justly be construed to lie
In the merry gleam of a jester's eye.
So ye who read be nowise wroth
If sketched amiss in frolic's froth.
Enough! Enough! You understand.
But if you don't, why—good land!
Bring on the near-beer, Oscar!

* * *

Hullihen says "I am right and the world is wrong." We think he is right—about the world.

* * *

As stated elsewhere in the Hash, this paper is strictly non-partisan, but we are backing the Democratic candidate to the limit in the coming Presidential election. Vote for him!

* * *

What the world needs today is competition. Look at the Supply Store, for the love of Mike.

* * *

Down with the masses! Up with the classes!

* * *

Our advice to the faculty: "Never say die—do it!"

* * *

We believe that any man over 30 is a hypocrite.

Eggotism has ruined some good men, but scrambled eggs are all right.

* * *

We are still waiting for the Hash-makers' strike.

* * *

Statistics show that there are seven women to every one man. According to this Sewanee is not on the map.

* * *

A man with a big nose can certainly shove it into other people's business despite its size. This remark does not refer to anybody special.

* * *

There is a move on foot to have every gun in the United States registered. What about the son-of-a-guns?

* * *

The man who loves his neighbor as himself hasn't got much self-respect.

* * *

Beware of the stupid man. He is usually foolish enough to plug doggedly along toward success.

* * *

Col. Marr Morris says, "Let sleeping dogs lie," and we add, "Don't try to take a bone away from a hungry dog unless you are bigger than he is."

Beware of the Breslin chime,
It varies according to clime,
From the echoing tower
Clang the quarter and hour
But the damn thing's never on time.

Hubert Hilary Suffering Aimes
Calls Democracy terrible names.
Hilary, why should you be so sour
And say so many mean things in one hour!

Campus Pig & Hog Co.

Shoot your pig first and pay afterwards

Exhorbitant Prices Offered

See Underware for Information

THE FIRM OF

Leeman and Sneeder

The concern of know learning. Unusual Opportunities and Startling Advantages Offered in the following hitherto unheard of courses:

Passing the buck.
Casting aspersions.
Knocking 'em down.
Dragging 'em out.
Carrying 'em out.
Joking, plain and fancy.
Heaving it.
Throwing it.
Tossing it.
Getting their number.
Cutting 'em down.
Snowing 'em under.
Repartee.
The merry jest.
Parlor wit.
Common jesting.
Joshing.
Checking.
Hossing.
Satire.
Strawing.
Soft-soaping.
Honey-dipping.
Honey-talking
Water-pouring.

And all kindred forms of Art.

Enroll for one of these Character-Moulding Courses. Results Guaranteed if you are not a Marble-dome.

University Soup Store

Special High Prices to students.

You wait on us and maybe we wait on you.

Call out, "Bob up Trip" or "Trip up Bob." Uniform response guaranteed.

Try our service and we will try your patience.

Suffered Horribly For Many Years

Now plays 36 holes of golf before breakfast

Mr. Exam Hargrave, prominent sideshow barker, says his conscience would hurt him to his dying day if he did not tell the world about the marvelous powers of Doc Knoefel's Pugilistic Balm. For four years after eating dinner at St. Luke's he could scarcely reach his room and NOW he springs nimbly up the steps.

PRUNO

The Pure and Simple Essence of the Prune

Vigorous young men should use it night and day.

Puts ZIP on the run.

Dispensed at St. Luke's Prunery.

DRINKO Koffee Beans

No Kin To
BOSTON BAKED

Instead of keeping you awake this new Koffee is guaranteed to put you to sleep. Non-alcoholic.

A Blue Bean for
Blue Bloods

DEAF?
DUMB?
BLIND?
TONGUE-TIED?
INCAPACITATED?

If you have any or all of the above ailments, send for our book on suicide.

PLEASANT & PAINLESS

WILL POSITIVELY

Get Your Party the Same Day If At Home

Service No Object

* * *

Your time is our time. Get a glimpse of Eternity.

* * *

Sewanee Temper-Tester Telephone Co.

CHECK YOUR REVOLVER

AT THE

PROCTOR'S OFFICE

* * *

Use your clubs for tooth-picks, your brass knucks for ear-rings, and your sock of sand for a potato masher. Learn to protect yourself, your wives, and your egg-safe. My correspondence course will teach you in a day how to handle your dukes. Book freely illustrated with vicious poses of myself.

* * *

ADDRESS

SLICK FELIX EDWARDS

Care the Police Gazette

DR. HATELY QUINCEY, Manager

THE PAPAL BULL

VOL. 4 SEWANEE, TENN. No. 1

JUNIORS EXCOMMUNICATED

THE BULL "TERRIBILIS ET HORRIBILIS"

Pope of the "Middle Class," servant of the servants of Osh-Kosh, in perpetual record of this matter. Antiquity shows that the "juniors" have always been exceeding hostile to the "middlers"; and this experience of the present time clearly demonstrates, since, not content with their limitations, the "juniors" strive for forbidden things and give free reign to the pursuit of illicit gain.

They do not prudently observe that (all) equality with the "middlers," as well as with the all "ecclesiastical persons" connected with the Theological department, namely, the Dean and Faculty, is denied them. The "juniors" strive in many ways to drag the "middlers" to their low level and finally attain that equality which has been kept from them heretofore and always shall be.

And (with grief do we declare it) certain "middlers" of the department and certain of the "ecclesiastical persons" referred to above, fearing where they ought not to fear, and seeking a temporary peace, do, without having received the permission or sanction of this apostolic see, acquiesce in such abuses, not so much from recklessness as from want of foresight. We, therefore desiring to check these iniquitous practices by the council of our brothers, do, of our bombastic authority, decree that all "middlers" and "ecclesiastical persons," whether monastic or secular or otherwise, whatever their order, condition, or status, who shall have any communication with the above mentioned "juniors," which savors of equality, and likewise any of the "sub-juniors" who shall consciously lend aid, council, or support in such undertakings, either publicly or privately, shall by the very act incur the sentence of excommunication; corporations, such as the faculty, which shall show themselves guilty in these matters, we place under the interdict.

TO WHO IT MAY CONCERN

GREETING AND WARNING!

It has come to the notice of the Australian Commonwealth that a pseudo Kangaroo has been palming itself off on the citizens of St. Luke's Heights, Sewanee, U. S. A. The Australian Government advises said citizens to spurn the approaches of the pseudo Kangaroo. The genuine Kangaroo has a very weak voice and docile ways; the pseudo Kangaroo has the voice of a zebra, the walk of a duck, the face of an owl and the brains of a worm—CRUSH HIM!

Signed—P. D. G. Boo-Kanga, Ambassador to America and Chief Exterminator of Pseudo Kangaroos.

We strictly command all "middlers" and "ecclesiastical persons" above mentioned, in virtue of their obedience, and under penalty of deposition, that they shall not hereafter acquiesce in any such demands, without the express permission of the aforesaid chair.

No one, namely the "juniors," shall be freed from the above mentioned sentences of excommunication, except in the article of death, without the authority and special permission of the apostolic see, since it is our intention ("middlers") to make no kind of compromise with so horrible an abuse of the power of the "MIDDLE CLASS." Let no man at all, therefore, violate the page of this, our decree, prohibition, or order, or with rash assumption contravene it. Whoever shall presume to attempt this, let him know that he shall incur the indignation of the omnipotent Pope of the "middle class" and of the "SACRED KANGAROO" and his court, the Pope's sole companions.

Given at Sewanee, at St. Luke's Cathedral, on the 103rd day before the Kalends of March in the second year of our pontificate.

THE BOOK OF ELEVATING HADES

1. And now it came to pass in the days of Albion Episcopus that Big Ben was judge over all Preacherdom.

2. And there happened to be a certain base fellow whose name was Capers, a Saterlite; and Capers blew the trumpet and said, We have no portion in Preacherdom, neither have we favour in the eyes of the Middlerites.

3. So Capers gat him up to the Holy of Hollies, which by interpretation is the class room of the Theologs; and there he profaned the sacred precincts of the religious followers of Big Ben.

4. And behold Capers sought revenge; and he took a piece of chalk in his hand and he wrote a cursing ditty on the blackboard; and he said, Revenge is mine. So he came again to his room.

5. And it came to pass on the morrow that Big Ben came; and he read what the Saterlite had written on the black-board; and he said WHO DID IT? And his eyes flamed like coals of fire that are under the soap-pot.

6. And the hearts of the Juniors quaked within them, for they knew not who had done it, and they feared mightily the wrath of Big Ben. And they answered and said, My Lord, we know not.

7. And it was erased.

8. And Capers said I will get me again to this den of hypocrites and I will insult them. And so he did it. And on the morrow came Big Ben; and he was overcome with anger; and the Juniors scampered away like mice before the cat, for Big Ben was a cruel man and mightily to be feared.

9. Now there is in Preacherdom a certain wise man of droll words and mighty fame; the same is Haskell. And Big Ben came in unto the chamber of Haskell and he said, Who hath written this cursing ditty? And words failed Haskell, for he feared Big Ben with a mighty dread, and for all his wit he could answer nothing.

10. So Haskell fled from before the face of Big Ben.

11. And again on the morrow did Big Ben find the cursing ditty written; and Big Ben's heart was

(Continued on Page 4)

Grand Opera

Selections from Soused, Faust, Aida and Uneeda.

These renditions are full (so is the singer) of tone and color.

Apply to

TOMMY HOLT

Kangaroo Kourt & Patomac Avenue

SEE

Captain Cleve

UND

HIS TWO BOYS

HEINEY UND CHIMMY

Experts in

ACROBATICS
DIETETICS
HOMILETICS

Heiney und Chimmy Are Not Squawmen but Strawmen

VALUABLE PAPERS LOST BY CHONG ARE RECOVERED

The other day the Librarian found in an old book the following paper, entitled, The Constitution and By-Laws of the Noble and Sacred Order of Kangaroo.

This paper was marked H. W. Smith, Judge of K. K., 1889.

Only a small portion of this most valuable paper was legible. It follows:

"The name of this order shall be The Noble Order of the Sacred Kangaroo, called Kangaroo Kourt for short.

"Favorite colors, Blue and Black (usually). Favorite flower, Cabbage. Favorite fruit, Onion. Favorite tune, 'In My Old Australian Home.'

"The Motto of this order shall be, 'Beautiful are the feet of them that preach and join the order.' (Australian Proverb.)

"The favorite saying of the order is: 'In Sewanee I am Sacred, but in other places I stay in a Zoo.'

"To be eligible for membership in this Noble Order a man must possess some characteristics of a great and glorious Kangaroo. He must be like that noble beast, different from all other animals. The next greatest quality of the Kangaroo is his simplicity. Therefore if a man is different and simple he is highly desirable and eligible for membership.

"In bidding a man to Our Noble Order it is then above all times that the actions of our noble Kangaroo should be imitated. When a Kangaroo meets an animal whom he likes he hops up and down on all fours chattering like a monkey, throwing out his hind legs and wagging his tale violently. This should be kept in mind and imitated as much as possible."

Unfortunately this was all of the legible part of this interesting paper.

ATTENTION JEWS

Let Me Talk the Real Hebrew for You

MOST PLEASING SOUNDS

A GOOD LINE OF HOT AIR

SPECIAL COURSE OF FIVE LESSONS

ADVANCED TO $4.98

Gordon D. Pierce
ESQ.
(*Hock Shop Yiddish a Specialty*)

IGNORANCE

A Complete Exposition of His Own State of Mind

BY

JAMES R. HELMS

Says the Author in the Preface:

"If ignorance were bliss, I would be a blister."

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

I Am in Business for My Health, Not for Cash
My Books are the Cheapest! My Prices are the Highest!
I Take Longer to Get Books Than Anybody Else!

Ask Me H. BURNETT, II.

THE PAPAL BULL

"Bull makes the world go round."

"The object of Bull is dissuasion."

Shot by the Theologs as low-class matter, March 1, 1920, at the Post Office at Sewanee.

All popes invited to avail themselves of our columns.

STAFF

Pirubuhe W. Howlstat.....Editor-in-Chief
David Eldred Holt...Assoc. Editor
William S. Stoney.....Censer
Widney and Rule.....Art Editors
H. Burnett...Circulation Manager
James Helms...Business Manager
(The Business Manager has nothing to do.)
Francis Osborne.....Office Boy
W. H. DuBose.....Printer's Devil
(He devils the Bull.)

Patrons: Pope Thomas, Pope Albion, Pope Benedict, Pope Sessions, Pope Denis, Leroy Pope and the Pope of Rome.

FOREWORD

This paper is a re-incarnation. Its soul has recently transmigrated from the Protestant Bulldog and his "Yelp" to the PAPAL BULL. This change was made in order to conform to the new character of the Episcopal Church in America—we refer to the Pope and his Council. We hope that our example will be followed by others and that those in authority will at once call for bids to mow down the grass and fill up the washouts on the road from Canterbury to Rome. Some have recommended the job to Mr. Ciphers, who has taken an active interest in highways, as a fine way to spend a vacation away from the cares of housekeeping. We think that naught else will do.

Latest reports say that the Dixie Highway between Sewanee and St. Andrew's will soon be in passable shape. This news makes us deeply thankful, for the briars have in recent years completely and sadly covered up the path used of old by those Sainted Pilgrims, Webb, Major and Geraldine.



BULL

Ah! What a great word! How often do we run across it in the classics, how important a part it plays in the drama of life! If you are on the Mountain you find it there, if you go down into the valley it is there also. If you go to dinner with a big appetite and expect to be satisfied, even there also its hide confronts you.

Our Editorial Predecessor made a courageous though failing fight against the "lecherous custom" of strawing, we beg in our humble way to extol the gift of Bull. Strawing requires no effort, but a good bull artist plys his trade with the sweat of his brow. Bull grazes on the pastures of men's pates and makes most professors bald. To our mind the words of the learned Dr. Bully Buller stand as the greatest maxim of modern scholasticism—"If you don't know a thing, guess at it." The noble spirit of "them words" has inspired many a rustic youth to travel leagues to this Mountain Top seeking to cultivate the plastic art.

This is all Bull.

GREEK

Stoney's Greek Grammar

(dis) Approved by all Good Greek Scholars

I know the Greek alphabet, having been exposed to Greek X for three years.

Let me teach you what I know. Will not take you but two minutes.

BILL STONEY

Long live the Popes!
See America Thirst!
This is all Bull!

THE BOOK OF ELEVATING HADES

(Continued from Page 1)

sore within him, for he knew not who had done it; and he would not eat anything for seven days and seven nights, even unto the going down of the sun.

12. Now Capers, the Saterlite, was a bold fellow, and cunning; and he gathered unto him many ambitious fellows of no brains; and he said unto them, Let us go forth tonight and show these vain fellows of Preacherdom that we have their number, for they set themselves to be wise men in the eyes of the Academs.

13. Now, Gordon of the piercing eye, heard what was come to pass, and his heart was moved against Capers; but he said, I will hold my peace for a few days more.

14. Now Gordon was a sanctimonious bird and he feared the ill will of Capers, the Saterlite.

15. Now, it came to pass about the second watch of the evening that a noise was heard abroad; and behold there came to the ears of Big Ben and Haskell, and Charlie Holes-in-the-ground a strange noise, for it was the song of Capers.

16. Now the song of Capers was this:

The boys, they are witty, in St. Lukes;
The boys, they are witty, in St. Lukes;
The boys, they are witty
And they sing a little ditty;
But the profs, they have no pity
in St. Lukes—
St. Lukes.
O, they started a rumor in St. Lukes;
O, they started a rumor in St. Lukes;
O, they started a rumor
That old Haskell has no humor.
But that simply is a rumor in St. Lukes—
St. Lukes.

17. And Gordon, of the piercing eye, gat himself unto the chamber of his cohorts. Setitafire and Jimmy the Mariner and Louis Blank the same is Twelveinch; and they took council together; and behold they hatched a scheme, but they told no man.

18. Now it came to pass that Haskell said unto Big Ben, O, Noble Judge, Where is thine own familiar friend the Kangaroo? And Big Ben said, Behold, I had forgot. And they made plans.

19. And it came to pass that strange whisperings were heard in Preacherdom, but no man could tell what it was, for the Middlerites, they are cunning fellows.

20. Now Capers, the Saterlite, was satisfied in himself, for he had got the revenge.

21. And Big Ben abided his time, for he understood under his pate what the strange whisperings were.

22. But the juniors were nervous and ill at ease.

23. And it came to pass at the close of the day that as all Preacherdom was taking its evening meal that Setitafire, a conceited fellow of no good intent, said "Beware of the Kangaroo. He is come amongst us and will not depart without the taste of blood. Let the juniors take notice," for it was meant to frighten the juniors, but alas they laughed.

24. Now it came to pass about the third watch of the night close unto morning, when all wise men are sleeping, that the horrible and hair-raising cry of the Kangaroo was heard all over Preacherdom, even from Thumping Dick to Jump Off, and the hearts of the Juniors quaked with a mighty quaking and the beds of the many trembled with a mighty trembling, for they were sore afraid.

25. Now Capers, the Saterlite, prepared a pail of water over the door of Gordon of the piercing eye, that Gordon might be cooled from the flaming fires of wrath that were burning within him, by the descending waters, that they might be swallowed up and burn no more.

26. Now the waters which Capers had prepared fell out upon the floor; and the wrath of Gordon was kindled the more.

27. Now it came to pass on the morrow that Gordon found Capers, the Saterlite, walking in the cool of the evening; and he said unto him, Capers, HAVE AT THEE! And Capers answered and said, Why? And Gordon said, My mighty men will not let you come into Preacherdom unless you repent ye of your sins.

28. And Capers sang, and his song was this:

O, THE KANGAROO!
He hath the voice of a Zebra,
He hath the walk of a duck,
He hath the face of an owl,
He hath the brains of a worm.
Crush him!

29. And Gordon's anger knew no bounds; and he pierced Capers through with a glance of scorn from his piercing eye; and he fell down as one dead.

30. And Capers said, Revenge is sweet.

31. And David the mighty, and Rocky the weakling, and Charles the brainy, went in peace; but George fell into the jaws of the horrible Kangaroo, and no man hath seen him from that day forth.

32. And Big Ben lived an hundred and ninety-nine years; and Preacherdom rested in peace.

HAREM FOR SALE

Due to H C L, I must get rid of all my cats and dogs.

All styles, varieties, and colors (except red).

Chas. L. Widney

Louis Blank Rule
Louis Blank Rule

As my name implies, I am a tape measure (not a peck measure).

I give confidential advice to young hopefuls on how to win her hand.

If you want your picture done don't see me, for I will ruin your opinion of yourself.

Louis Blank Rule
Louis Blank Rule

Tipsy Tatum

I am overstocked with Laughs. You may have them for the asking.

Applicants must be sober-minded and earnest.

No Jelly Beans need apply.

"Laugh and Grow Fat" Is My Motto.

R. G. TATUM
R. G. TATUM

KANGAROO FOOT-PRINTS

"The Profs are willing but the students are weak."—Stoney.

"Wells done thou good and faithful servant."—Rule.

"Is nothing sacred?"—Holt.

Wanted—A safe and sure method of keeping girls from falling in love with the parson.—Heinle.

"I will not attempt to correct this section of Kurtz."—Dr. Wells.

"Let me pronounce the benediction."—Helms.

"That it might be fulfilled as it is written in the prophet's saying, here endeth the second lesson."—Helms.

Long live the Popes!
See America Thirst!
This is all Bull!



Use My Method

FOR

Passing Classes



Latest and
Surest Straw on the
Market

Jimmy Helms

NOTE—I have not passed any classes yet, but I hope to do so in the near future, thereby showing the merit of my method.

BULL FIGHT

EVERY TERM

ST. LUKE'S CLASS ROOMS

The Bulls are of Yiddish and Greek extraction.

(Irish ruled out because ungrammatical.)

Matadors bold and fearless.

Helms, Pierce, Burnett and Rule will tackle the Osborne Bull next Tuesday at four.

Admission

Four & 20 Shekels

THE THING



All the modern French jokes, nice and otherwise. Stories that will make you open your eyes in wonder. Tales that will make you weep for joy or sorrow.

Also I am an authority on clothes. (I did my own washing in France.)

Also take my new medicine for building up the constitution. Before taking I was weak and delicate, now I am a physical wreck.

David E. Holt

Long live the Popes!
See America Thirst!
This is all Bull!



The End.

Have You Met Him?

Mr. Canby Hurd was a new member of the club. He was from four to seven feet tall; weighed, I should say, from one to three hundred pounds; had eyes the color of—oh, I forget what; hair like a raven—or maybe it was cardinal, I just don't recollect; but it was something like that anyway; small ears (very reminiscent of the elephant's), and many other characteristic features, like any other man. The general impression of him was that derived from a cartoon of Capital and Labor, Mr. Hurd being Capital. But the most striking characteristic of the man was his voice; one of those sweet, insinuating voices like a bull's, or a foghorn's. Appreciating the quality of his own voice and wishing not to be selfish with it, Mr. Hurd was very prodigal in its use, so that, in any conversation engaging his attention, he did most of the talking. His idea was that when Heaven (he thought it was Heaven!) had gifted him with such a voice, it was not for his mortal presumption so far to disregard his divine blessing as to allow anyone of us unlucky individuals with a merely ordinary pleasing voice to inflict its monotony upon those assembled in discussion, whether or not Heaven had presented him with an intellect sufficiently excellent to provide it with material. It was very magnaminous of him, I admit, and I do not wish to question the motives which inspired him,

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What Sewanee Stands For

The Education of the Whole Man

His body, in a physical environment and training almost ideal.

His mind, through courses in a scientifically correct curriculum, and through contact with a faculty strong in scholarship and personality.

His character, through the constant influence of Christianity as expounded and exemplified in the life of the University community.

The Making of the Citizen

In theory, through the influence of that ideal of patriotism which we call the *Sewanee Spirit.*

In practice, through dynamic living as a citizen in a community of which the student body constitutes the citizenship.

Individuality, Originality, Initiative

Taught to think independently, plan independently, but to act as a community member.

but personally, I much prefer not to be interrupted so often. His mental encyclopedia of etiquette was fairly complete except that he did not seem to realize that the other 399 in his town considered interruptions not precisely *au fait*.

"Isn't it lovely—" I began, gazing out the window into the pouring rain.

"Isn't it, though?" cut in Mr. Hurd; "a perfectly lovely day."

"But I *do* wish—," said I.

"So do I," he said, glowing; "if it would only stop raining."

"Excuse—" I said, not wishing to continue what I knew would be a one-sided conversation.

"Certainly, certainly," he said gently—so gently that a man in the next room ran in to see if there was a fire, or the like. I listened from easy hearing distance—a few rods, I guess.

"What's the—" asked the man who ran in.

"Oh, nothing at all," said Canby. "I know of nothing the matter."

"Then there is no—"

"Not at all," said Mr. Hurd. "There hasn't been a fire for a week."

"Oh," said the man, retiring again.

"Maybe there will be one tomorrow," said the foghorn, trying (vainly this time) to interrupt.

The next day I was sitting at the club trying to read a paper, but Canby Hurd was sitting right near me—on the opposite side of the big sitting-room, I found when I looked up—discussing the League of Nations with a half dozen, or maybe as many as six, other men. His proximity spoiled my chance of reading, so I just made a pretense of it, in reality listening to the conversation.

"I feel," began one of the men, "that the League of Nations is quite nec—"

"I agree with you," said Mr. Hurd; "absolutely unnecessary." (He had not heard his friends out.)

"I said—" demurred the man.

"I heard you," said Mr. Hurd.

"Necessary is the word I—" said the man in desperation.

"Oh!" ejaculated Canby Hurd. "I was wrong; we disagree."

"Let us do it agreeably, though," said another man in the group; "I for one, don't—"

"Neither do I," was Mr. Hurd's inserted remark.

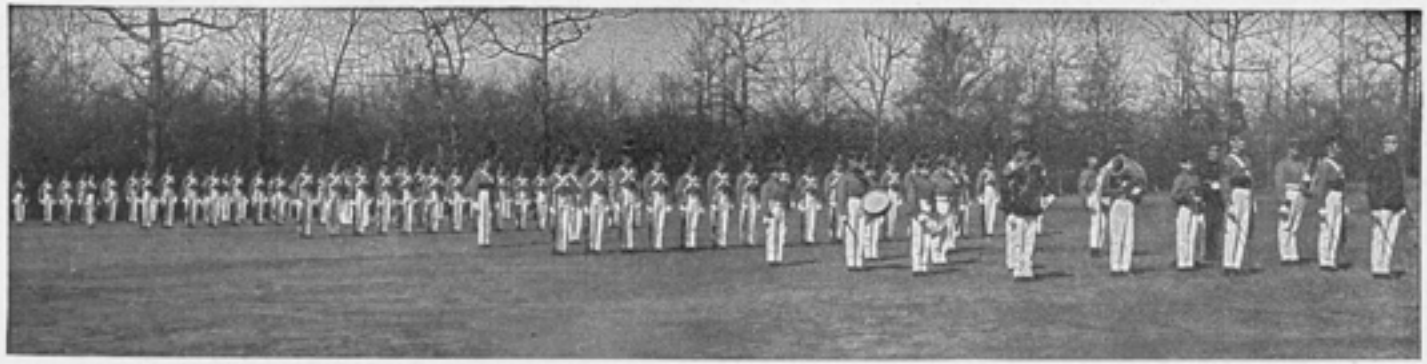
"But how can we *keep* a peace if there is no League of—" said the first Gentleman-of-the-half-sentence.

"Very easily," said Canby Hurd, threatening to break it with his interruptions. "Breach of the peace is a misdemeanor and is punishable by law. That ought to hold as heretofore."

"But a League of Nations would—" said a third man who ought to have known better by this time than to try to say anything.

"Oh, no, it wouldn't," broke in our sweet-voiced Appolo. "That would take more than a mere League of Nations. Why, with all our big country and cities, with all our interminable, inexterminable resources, can't the United States—"

But I was tired of the discussion that would never reach anywhere and I went into the bar where I was beyond earshot. The bartender at the club is always a good listener as well as a good talker on subjects which do not require much thought.



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The next week I was forced to talk to Canby Hurd again, although I had successfully avoided his saccharinic tones for several days by frequent strategic retreats. This time I resolved to try extreme measures to finish what I had to say in spite of him; I intended to continue if he interrupted—or rather *when* he interrupted me—and gradually drown him out and squelch him with sheer persistence.

"Well," I commenced, quitely courageous. "When I went into the army at Plattsburg, they gave us a thorough physical examination at the hospital. First they *listened* to my heart (here I raised my voice without pausing)—those fellows knew how to listen—with a stethoscope. I tried to listen in on the wire, but my heart did not beat loudly enough. (I raised my voice still more.) Well, I passed the tests all right, although I admit that I had to memorize the eye-chart and guess which hand the watch was in when they tested *my* HEARING. (I was now talking loudly enough to attract more attention than a mere Hertzian wave.) As for my weight, I bribed a friend to put his foot on the scales while I was being weighed. That gave me the requisite thirty pounds which I lacked—(Here I exerted every ounce of breath I possessed in order to produce my loudest tones)—and I was duly enlisted in the United States Army, with the rank of assistant private. I served for a long time—perhaps five or six weeks—and slowly built up my none too husky physique until—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Canby Hurd, "I was in the army myself. At first I thought I'd enlist in the navy, but I never did like blue—all my suits have been brown—so I turned to the army. (Here he began to talk a little more loudly.) The army uniform becomes me so well, especially my profile—(He put on a couple of pounds more lung pressure to counteract my increase)—as it conceals my *embonpoint* somewhat. Of course, I don't like to show too prominently ever—nobody does, either on himself or another. (He increased his tone again with mine.) Then, when I got into the army I decided that an officer's uniform was much better looking than a mere private's, so I began to train for a colonelcy. (He raised his voice a bit more and made it sound like a boiler factory with the muffler cut, yet reserving a very apparent reinforcement to overcome anything I could possibly offer in the way of volume.) My voice helped me, of course, as a whole division could have heard my commands, even on the very front line, without the slightest effort. Oh, a powerful voice is a blessing, I'll say."

I gave up, sank into a chair exhausted, and let him finish what he had to say—just a few words, easily spoken in an hour or two. His Heaven-sent voice was too powerful for me, so that he could talk on without hearing a word I said.

But a day or two later I got him.

"I was thinking of—" I began, but he broke in, as usual.

"O! were you?" he said. "I was just thinking of the very same thing; in fact—"

"Pardon me!" I yelled through a megaphone, thus arresting his attention. "I did not *mean* to interrupt you. I realize now that it was the height of rudeness on my part to do so, but I apologize humbly. I hope that in the future this sad slip will always serve as a reminder to prevent me from again committing such a serious breach of etiquette as to speak before you had finished." And I turned on my heel and left him.

He still interrupts others, but, when conversing with me, Canby Hurd can't be heard until I finish. Then he asks meekly:

"Are you through?"



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All Winter the roads
Have been clogged
With mud and we have
Had to stay in by the fire.

Now I shall go out
And look for the
Thrush that last year
Laid seven eggs in a nest.
A thing unheard of before.

And I shall go and see
Doc Grudger over at Jump Off.
He will try again to
Convince me that the
World is flat
And I shall listen,
For afterwards he will tell
Me where to find the
First arbutus.

Old Lizzie Long, too,
Will be out in front
Of her cabin, occasionally
Going to tend to
The "corn" that
She makes on the kitchen stove.
She will know the greenest
Places hereabouts and all
The gossip of the hillside.

All Winter I have had
To sit by the fire.
But it is Spring on
Our Mountain now.

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Miss Prim

"Don't you think it would be fun to put on a record and dance?" I asked.

"We have no dance records," she said coldly. Then after a pause which made me blush for my audacity in suggesting it, she added: "We do not approve of dancing in our church."

"But this is your home, not your church," I said, excusefully, knowing the futility of it beforehand.

"I mean," she exclaimed, "in our church we do not approve of dancing."

I had called on Miss Prim, a newcomer in our town, at the request of a friend who introduced her—at least, he was a friend at the time. I had not been attracted by her appearance when we met and consequently let some little time elapse—perhaps a year or two—before fulfilling my promise to call upon her.

She was tall and thin, resembling a nice clothespole in the grace of her figure. Her hair was drawn back tightly behind her head in the manner of that sweet, clinging Puritan type. (It had a most depressing effect on a man like me, who prefers a comfortable bed at home on a Sunday morning to a stiff-backed pew in church.) She wore aggressive-looking, aluminum spectacles, which added like a minus sign to her. Her jaw was square, her forehead high—like her ideals, too high,—her lips thin and firm, like a social barrier. She always wore a white—offensively white—shirtwaist, with a high collar which made her look as comfortable as a death-house prisoner, and a black skirt, from beneath which peeped, or rather protruded, in a far from overlookable manner, a pair of number ten black shoes. Altogether she presented the same kind of attractive figure, the very same that a maiden aunt presents, or a mother-in-law, in one of *Life*'s cartoons. You can now, doubtless, readily understand why I called upon her so soon after meeting her. What! you cannot? Well, you ignoramus!

I suggested a game of double solitaire, instead of dancing.

"What is that—a guessing game?" she asked.

"No," I explained; "it is a harmless pastime in which two decks of cards are used with the innocent object—"

"I heartily disapprove of cards," she said stiffly; "they are highly immoral and provocative of evil thought!"

My collar felt like an automobile tire as I started to sink through it. But I had a bright idea for amusing ourselves without the least stretching of our consciences:

"Let's fold our hands (each separately, of course), and see who can quote the more Bible verses," I exclaimed, to which she acquiesced directly, with beaming face. (She won the stakes of course.)

I did not see her again for some time, at least two years (a thing over which I did not worry)—when I met her at tea.

"Have some tea?" I asked.

"I do not believe in stimulating my nerves," she replied. "It is wicked to abuse the bodies which the Lord has given us."

"Let's take a stroll out-doors," I said, desperately, feeling the need of fresh air to sustain me, wicked creature that I now felt myself.

"It is highly improper," she said, "unless we have a chaperone."

"Mr. Jones just ate the last one,—I am so sorry," I said, as I left her, pretending to misunderstand her.

It was enough for me and I willingly



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allowed another period of time to elapse before approaching her again, perhaps a decade later. She did not look a day younger than before, in spite of all the new beauty parlors in her neighborhood, and she was just as savory of the Blue Laws. The war had just broken out and I was for enlisting. She was not noticeably pleased when I announced to her my intention of going to France and possibly to—but no, I might live through it.

"Don't you think I ought to go?" I asked.

"Thou shalt not kill!" she intoned.

"But I want to get the scalp of every—"

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods!" she interrupted.

"Oh!" I cried, "that does not put a ban on coveting his scalp. I'm going."

She stood there and quoted the Bible at me and gushed pacifism for an hour and really thought she was right. Actually, her mind was narrower than the path to Heaven, which I suppose she hoped to follow easily because of her being accustomed to narrow things.

I was so incensed that I cried out: "I'm going over there, and dance, and gamble, and play cards, and kill Huns, and everything. And if one of them gets me I am not going where the Kaiser is going. What you want to do is visit a cobbler and have your mind stretched; it's pinching your grey-matter." And I left her in her prim righteousness, glorying in the at least average breadth of my own mind.

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 Happen to me last night;
I fell into a red-hot spring,
 Cold as a polar blight.

It seemed so very odd to me,
 I turned red as a sheet;
A purple ukelele tree
 Turned greener than a beet.

And then I slipped and tried to grab
 A fragrant onion top;
I failed, but afterward did nab
 A pink for-get-me-not.

I grabbed so hard I missed my hold
 And up the hill did roll;
I rolled, and rolled till I was cold,
 Then fell into a hole.

The hole was black and very round,
 In fact square as could be;
And very near the top I found
 The bottom of the sea.

Amid all this of which I tell,
 I kept cool as a clam;
And when I came to the gates of Hell
 I gave the door a slam.

The devil came and looked at me,
 I scared him most to death;
His horns turned blue as brown could be
 His ears got out of breath.

I punched him with a lightning rod,
 And made him eat ice-cream;
But afterwards found out, thank God!
 It was a white-corn dream.

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No longer call to me at all—
(I've gone another way.)
Those lips that loved, but not for love,—
That laughed, but not for mirth,—
No longer harm me with their charm,
For I have gauged their worth.
I used to love your sparkling eyes.
(I did not know, you see,
That 'twas the wine that made them shine,
And not your thoughts of me.)
You seemed so young, so fresh and bright,
A day or two ago,
But everything is changed tonight
Because of what I know.
Oh, live and laugh and go your way
And think no more of me!
But keep your laughless, loveless heart,
For I don't want it! See?

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No one knows how sweetly my true love and I
Made up our minds completely that love can never die.
With sighs and tears and all other signs of true love
We tested out beyond a doubt the certainty thereof.

Now, why it was that love seemed so lasting and so true
I cannot tell, but all was well with love and us two.
And no one knows how fair we found the bright truth thereof
With kisses, laughter, and the other signs of true love.

Interlude

Always I shall remember this:
 A faint denial, doubting moan,
 Smooth cheeks that burned against my own,
Forbidden lips that would not kiss,
And then—surrender! Her white arm
 That drew me close, her lips and face
 One flame with mine. Ah, that embrace!
Afterwards—ashes of a charm.



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The Essence of Nothing

The snow-capped mountains lift their heads,
The goats are nodding in their beds;
The pretzel smiles, the oyster sings,
The dinner-bell goes ting-a-ling.

The herrings banish care and strife,
The cheese named limburg peps up life;
The cat sits still and licks his chops,
The juicy hams are mad as hops.

The sailors and a burly chum
Sing yo-ho and a bottle of rum;
Ill fares the savage Eskimo,
A lobster has him by the toe.

The Northmen in their land of ice
Are hunting seal and killing mice;
A porpoise wallows in the sea,
He hits a bar and orders tea.

A mouse fell in a pot of jam,
It pickled him just like a ham;
What wonders happen in the wild,
A hamburg sandwich really smiled.

Here's to the gay Italian wops,
They dine on tripe and onion tops;
A cow sits down to scold a flea,
The poet's life's the life for me.

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